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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Turkey; also on the Coasts of the Sea of Azov and of the Black Sea; &c. &c. By George M. Jones, Captain R.N. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1827. J. Murray.

THE number of books, replete with information, for which we have recently had to thank members of our military and naval services, has received an important addition in this work. Captain Jones has seen much, has well understood what he saw, and has impartially communicated his knowledge to his country, through the far-spreading medium of the press. The wide extent of his travels, and his having, in a considerable portion of them, gone over ground often trodden by us in our character of reviewers, induce us to address the attention of readers not so much to a regular analysis of the volumes, as to a view of those parts which possess most interest and novelty: from these, they will readily be able to appreciate the nature and value of the whole. Nothing in France, Flanders, Germany, nor Sweden, therefore, shall detain us: we proceed, point blank, to the capital of Russia, where our curiosity is gratified by a detailed account of the Empress Catherine's private Palace, called the *Hermitage*, "because one of the rooms was furnished with dumb waiters and tables, which ascended and descended by means of springs, so that servants were altogether excluded, and the company became perfectly unreserved. This palace became her favourite residence, and she commanded all the most curious and costly ornaments of the different palaces to be placed in it. After which she frequently threw aside the sovereign, and delivered herself up to the enjoyment and pleasures of private life. She even drew up with her own hand regulations for the government of those whom she honoured by invitations; and, that ignorance might not be pleaded, they were fixed in the galleries leading to the different apartments. (A copy is still preserved, framed, and hung under a curtain in one of the rooms). They are curious, and will denote the character of this extraordinary woman, when descending from her public haunts."

The rules are in French, but, translated, as follow:

"Sit down if you like, and that

Where you please,

Without being desired a hundred times.

Notes

To which those who enter here must submit.
"1. They will leave their dignity at the door, as also their hats and their swords.

"2. They will equally abandon all pretensions to etiquette as well as pride, if they sometimes find themselves troubled with it. In a word, every thing which bears the slightest resemblance to presumption.

"3. They will be gay without being boisterous, and will take care not to break or

damage any thing, nor to bite any thing, let it be what it may.

"4. They will sit or stand according to their pleasure, or walk about if they take it into their heads, without regard to other people.

"5. They will neither speak too much nor too loud, in order that other people's ears may not be annoyed.

"6. They will argue without warmth or passion.

"7. They will neither sigh nor yawn, for fear of communicating their ennui to the company.

"8. If any one proposes an innocent amusement, the others will join in it with good will.

"9. At table every one will eat whatever he pleases and as much as he pleases, but he will drink moderately, so that he may be able to walk home.

"10. In going out, all disputes will be forgotten, and that which has entered by one ear will pass out at the other. If any one is convicted, by the testimony of two witnesses, of having infringed any of the above regulations, the culprit shall be condemned, for each breach, to drink a glass of cold water, without even excepting the ladies, and to read a page of *Telemachus*. He who shall infringe three of the regulations during the same evening, shall be obliged to recite six stanzas of *Telemachus*.

After reading the above, (continues the author,) I think we are well qualified to enter the *Hermitage*, and admire its treasures, although since the death of the (at least in private life) amiable foundress, the regulations have become obsolete, court etiquette having usurped their place. The *Hermitage* is composed of three buildings, the principal fronts being towards the Neva; they communicate with each other by galleries built upon arches, which form three streets, all leading to the *Millions*. The first three rooms contain paintings of different artists, and are called *tableaux de genre*. In the middle room is a vase of violet jasper, which is near five feet high. The next three rooms are termed the *Italian School*, and contain the *Prodigal*, a *chef-d'œuvre* of Salvator Rosa, and *Cyclops* forging thunder for Jove in Mount *Ætna*; another by *Luc Jordano*. The *Holy Family* of course abounds, many of them very good. Two candelabras, near seven feet high, of violet jasper, and said to have cost twenty-five thousand ducats, are in these rooms, and claim attention. After which comes a room dedicated to *Wouvermans*, and where soldiers and admirals shine in the splendour of his masterly hand. It also contains the magnificent and curious *Pendule* de *Strasser*, which was sold by lottery, and gained by a poor woman named *Herold*, near *Libau*, under the following singular circumstances:—She gave lodgings and refreshment to a benighted officer, and he, in return, not having money, insisted upon her accepting a ticket for the lottery, which he had had some time in his possession, and which, when drawn, proved the fortunate number. The old woman, either altogether

ignorant of the thing, or not hearing of its fate, neglected to claim the prize, even after it had been repeatedly advertised in the *Gazette*. At length an inspector saw some of her children playing with a piece of paper, and discovered it to be the long-sought-for number, that gave the old lady possession of the *Pendule*, which she sold to the empress for twenty thousand silver rubles, and a pension of one thousand for life. Strange to say, the benighted traveller could never be heard of, although the good woman made every effort to discover him, for the purpose of sharing her good fortune with him. The exterior of the *Pendule* represents an antique temple of *Grecian* architecture, enclosing two orchestras, which, accompanying each other, execute some fine pieces of the *Creation*, by *Mozart* and *Haydn*. The sweetness and harmony of the sounds, particularly in the *adagio*, would lead one to believe that the most able musicians were assembled to produce this truly divine performance. The next *salle* is dedicated to *Teniers*, and contains some of his largest and best pictures, particularly a *Dutch Kitchen*, known under the name of the '*Cuisine de Rembrandt*.' The galleries of *Berghem* and *Rembrandt* follow, containing also the musical bureau of *Hams*, for which the emperor paid twenty thousand rubles. The oval room contains a very fine, full-sized portrait of *Catharine*, by *Lampi*, said to be an extremely good likeness. *Catharine* has been described as striking by the majesty of her deportment, her countenance bespeaking, at the same time, penetration, justice, courage, humanity, and magnanimity; while her high forehead announced a retentive memory, an ardent and fertile imagination, together with extraordinary intelligence. In this room are also placed the busts of *Cheremetof*, *Romantsof*, *Souwarof*, of *Admiral Tchitchagof*, of *Potemkin*, and of *Orloff Tscheminsky*; the whole being finely executed pieces of sculpture. Above is a library of Russian books, which *Catharine* formed for the use of the domestics, to keep, as she said, the devil out of their heads. It also contains a large collection of prints, which are kept under lock and key; as are the pastes made in England after the most precious, antique, and modern stones. In the next room is an extensive collection of medals and coins. A large gallery contains the *French School*, but unfortunately the light is bad. The *Paralytique* of *Grense* merits attention. The next is the *Dutch School* of *Paul Potter*, of *Gerard Dow*, of *Moucheron*, of *Vandemeer*, &c. &c. And then follow the model of the house *Peter the Great* inhabited at *Sardam*, and the figure of his housekeeper. From this part is the entrance to the *Winter Garden*, which occupies a considerable quadrangular space, planted with laurels and orange-trees, which preserve their leaves and fragrance in the midst of the most rigorous winters, while linnets and canary-birds fly about as if at perfect liberty. The *Summer Garden* is attached to it, and is three hundred and fifty feet long,

by seventy-seven wide. Large birch, maple, and other trees, form four thickly-shaded alleys, in the middle of which are the most beautiful flowers. From the size and age of these trees, it is difficult to believe they are growing in artificial soil, forty-two feet above the surrounding country or ground. A cabinet contains some extraordinarily fine productions in ivory and fish-bones, principally from Archangel. In three galleries are the works of Rubens and Vandyke. The theatre is small, and like an amphitheatre, the imperial family occupying the bottom with chairs. After the theatre comes the Gallery of Raphael, before the windows of which is placed a rich cabinet of mineralogy; and the Spanish gallery boasts of Murillo in all his glory. In the Diamond Cabinet is assembled, by order of the late Empress Catharine, every thing curious which could be found in the different imperial cabinets at Petersburg, and in that at Moscow, called Oroujeinaia Palata. These are all ornaments extremely rich in diamonds, precious stones, and pearls: some of the latter are of an extraordinary size, being more than an inch in diameter. Many of the ornaments are remarkable for their minuteness, and for the neatness of the workmanship. It also contains the astonishing mechanical clock, known under the name of the Horloge du Paon: when the chimes commence, the peacock turns towards the spectators, majestically expanding its brilliant tail, the cock crows, and the owl rolls its eyes about; the cage turns round to the sound of small bells, while a young female hops, at each second, upon a mushroom, in which are concealed the works of the clock. It was made in England by the celebrated Cock, and bought in 1780 by Prince Potemkin, who presented it to his imperial mistress. In the adjoining room is the celebrated picture, by Paul Potter, known under the name of 'La Vache,' &c. &c. [vulgar as many of the Dutch and Flemish painters were]. This famous *chef-d'œuvre* had been ordered by a princess, who at the sight of so indecent a subject, returned it to the artist, at whose death Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, purchased it, with twelve other small paintings, from his widow, for the sum of twenty thousand crowns. He was so passionately fond of the arts, that he would never part with this small cabinet, although some Englishmen are said to have offered him four times the sum he paid for it; and he permitted only the celebrated painter Thornes to take one copy of it, which is said to be the only one existing. Another painting by Paul Potter, in the same room, is not less remarkable for the beauty of its execution, than for the number and variety of the subjects which he has contrived to introduce. On the sides, in small quadrangular spaces, are represented different chases; and in the middle, in two rectangular oblongs, the artist has represented a man and his dogs put in judgment, and executed by animals. One does not know whether to admire most the finish of the first, or the gay and spirited harmony of the second. All the offices which he has assigned to the animals agree perfectly with their natural characters. The bears and the wolves, as commissaries of police, have brought the former a shepherd, and the latter some dogs, irreconcilable enemies of wild animals, before the royal tribunal of the lion, who is seated on a hill, holding a sceptre in his paw. The elephant and the tiger, as his ministers, are interrogating the poor shepherd, whilst a fox, performing the office of secretary, writes his responses in a protocol, &c. The second re-

presents the execution of the royal sentence, and the consequent triumph of the animals. The bears roast the shepherd on a spit, and hang the dogs on a tree. The dancing of the apes and monkeys presents a humorous scene, and in the most minute parts it is impossible not to discover the pencil of this great master. The antiques and the cameos are arranged in cabinets, made in the shape of cones, lined with black velvet and covered with glass. They are all set in gold, and small bronze labels indicate the epoch at which they were procured. Among the antiques there is a remarkable one presented by the late Empress Josephine to Alexander. It is cut on a sardonyx, which is of the most extraordinary size. It represents the busts of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, and of his wife Arsinoë, daughter of Lysimachus. It has three beds or layers; the bottom or base is brown, the middle milk-white, and the upper of the colour of coffee. The heads are cut in the middle layer, the hair in the upper one, as well as the cuirass and casque of Ptolemy. The king is in the flower of his age, and his countenance gives an idea of great sense and the most perfect beauty. Ptolemy ascended the throne two hundred and eighty-four years before the Christian era; so that this cameo is amongst the few antique stones which have been handed down to our days. At one time it formed part of the museum of the Duke of Gonzago, at Mantua, from whence it was transferred to the beautiful collection of Christina of Sweden, and afterwards into the hands of Josephine became possessed of it is still unknown. There are also cameos, of every style, of every school, and on every species of stone. In the same room are three silver vases, found in 1812, upon the banks of the Pruth in Moldavia, in exploring a small hill or tumulus. They are very antique, and represent the combat of the Amazons against the Athenians. There are also some gold ornaments discovered at the same time, as well as valuable and curious utensils, dug out of the tumulus near Kertch, in the Crimea, with two modern *chef-d'œuvres* of sculpture,—the Paris and Satarelle of Canova. I must now close this account of the treasures of this extraordinary palace, into which foreigners as well as natives are admitted without difficulty, and conducted into the different rooms by servants appointed for the purpose, who are remarkably civil, and contented with a small gratification. On our visit to the Hermitage, we were first informed of the great insult which is offered to the master of a house by entering with a great coat on, as it implies that he does not keep his rooms warm enough—a thing upon which they pride themselves; and to every house there is a hall, where you are expected to unrobe on coming in, or to robe on going out."

If the Hermitage was a remarkable sovereign relaxation, the baths of Petersburg are no less singular as popular recreations. Capt. Jones tells us—

"Having seen and heard so much of the Russian baths, we determined to try the effect of one, contrary to the advice of our medical friends and others, many of whom had been born and lived nearly all their lives in Russia without venturing the experiment. We accordingly repaired to that which is esteemed the best in this city, and I will describe the whole thing precisely as it was administered. The baths are private, and only contain one person. First, there is a dressing-room at a moderate temperature, with cushions and con-

veniences for the toilette. When undressed, a fellow presents himself stark-naked, and conducts you into the bath, a good-sized room, having a bench like a bedstead, with a slight rise for the head. At the opposite side are fitted up shelves like flower-stands, which terminate with a similar bench or bedstead, to be subsequently used. The bath is at a high but not oppressive temperature, and is furnished with several pipes, communicating with water from the freezing to the boiling point. You first of all sit down on the bench, while he forms a lather and scours your head well, after which, he prepares a bundle of soft shavings with soap and hot water, when he obliges you to lie down at full length, while he carries you all over on both sides. After this, you stand up and are rinsed with tepid water, when he prepares a bunch of birch leaves, and obliges you to mount by the shelves or steps to the upper bench before described. He now throws water on a hot iron, which produces such a vapour or steam, that it is almost impossible to support the heat: he then obliges you to lie down, and with the birch leaves performs the same operation he had previously done with the shavings, except that, while you are roaring out with pain from the heat, and begging to be relieved, yet, afraid to lift your head, because every inch in height, from the vapour ascending, causes some increase in the intensity of the heat, the fellow coldly affects indifference, and laughs at your request, or sings a few words of a song. At length he relieves you; when, jumping down as hastily as possible from a heat which really struck me as red-hot, and I thought must have brought the skin off, the fellow adroitly seizes the moment you are on your legs to pour buckets of cold water on your head. The first gives a violent and unexpected shock, which you instantaneously recover, and the second produces a most delightful glow, a perfect elysian feel, which you would willingly continue; but fearful of checking the perspiration too long, the bath is brought to a higher temperature, and when the pores are again open and perspiration appears, the Russian bath finishes, you return to your dressing-room, wrap warmly up, get into your carriage, drive home, lie down on your bed much relaxed for an hour, after which you feel quite restored, and are fit for any thing. Indeed, two hours after, I joined a large party at dinner, with a most excellent appetite. The price of a private bath is two rubles and a half, and I gave one to the attendant. The common ones vary from ten to fifty copecks, they are merely large rooms, constantly filled with vapour. The bathers take their own birch leaves with them, and mutually scour each other; but as they cannot have cold water inside, they either plunge into the river, as we marked at Helsingfors, or if it is winter, the yard being full of snow, they roll themselves in it, and then return to the bath for a moment to restore perspiration. After this, they dress as usual, and walk home, or remain in the cold, washing their clothes. This must be the effect of habit, as it certainly would be extremely dangerous for a stranger to be so exposed to the action of the air, after being so much relaxed. Fortunately, the Greek religion requires abluion before attending the church, and, equally fortunately, the attendance is exacted twice a week; so that the lower classes by this means ensure health and cleanliness of body, which otherwise, from the length of time they wear their garments (as noticed in another part of the Vol.), could not be preserved. Upon the whole, I must say that these baths present a greater want of delicacy

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than it is possible to imagine in civilised society; and yet, within these few years, they have been much reformed. Originally, there was no distinction of sexes, both promiscuously entering the same bath, and rendering mutual assistance. Indeed, in many places, the old custom is not abolished, and in all it is not considered indelicate to enter the court appropriated to the females, who continue their cold ablutions apparently unconscious of shame. Added to this, it is said, that for a small gratification to the proprietors or attendants, they make no difficulty in clandestinely admitting visitors into those baths that are supposed to be exclusively appropriated to the use of younger females. In short, it is impossible to conceive any public custom or establishment which produces more immoral conduct between the two sexes. Having, as a traveller, gratified my curiosity, I do not feel any desire to repeat a Russian bath."

The British travellers were invited to court, and enjoyed an imperial ball and supper; which the author thus describes:—

"The dowager empress came round, and spoke to every person at our table. She asked me if I was pleased with it, and thought it magnificent. After we had been about forty minutes at table, the empress retired, when a most unexpected, extraordinary, but amusing scene took place—a general scramble for the good things which were left, particularly at the imperial table. Generals, counts, and subs, with their gold-laced coats, pocketing without mercy, and struggling to outdo the domestics, who did not appear to pay them much respect, or to be willing to allow them to carry off the spoils quietly; and in five minutes there was a perfect scene of devastation; even the very candles were carried off by the attendants, and to the blaze of splendour which we had just witnessed, succeeded darkness scarcely visible. It is too common to form a judgment of and condemn a whole nation from local circumstances; and without reflection one might be led to judge harshly of the state of society in this country, from the above scene; but upon mature reflection and inquiry, this would not be justified. By the custom of the country, what has once been put upon the tables at an imperial *fête* can never be brought into use again for the family, and consequently the fragments become the perquisites of the attendants. We know with what devotion and respect the nobility have always looked up to the imperial family; and consequently they esteem it an honour to possess any thing which has belonged to them; and therefore a father, a brother, or a relation, who may be at these *fêtes*, is earnestly invited by the young ones who remain at home to bring them some memento from the imperial table; and thus, from the most amiable of motives, arises that which appears to a stranger a most disgraceful scramble. The bon tons with which a grown-up person is filling his pockets, are not for his own use, but for the gratification of some sister or brother, &c., who has not had the honour of being at court. You will readily conceive, in this climate, and at this season, how highly the most beautiful hot-house plants and flowers must be prized; the tables, particularly the imperial one, are covered with them; and as they can never again be returned to the conservatories, and as a man, however anxious he may be, cannot carry home and present to his family the plant entire, he is reduced to the alternative of either not gratifying an amiable wish and feeling, or else, with ruthless hand, to pluck off the flower, and perhaps ruin the plant

altogether. Thus, what at first appears a disgraceful scramble, is, in fact, as I have before stated, the effect of a most amiable feeling, which it is highly honourable to gratify."

While these and other Christmas *fêtes* were in full activity, they were suddenly interrupted by the death of a royal relative, the wife of the Grand Chamberlain Nariskin. Of the funeral we are informed:—

"The body lay in state in a *chapelle ardente*, in the house, with mutes and a priest constantly praying over it till the evening of the 2d, when it was privately removed to the convent, where we arrived at the appointed time (the thermometer at four degrees below zero), and found the body placed in a coffin on a platform, under a canopy, and covered with an extraordinarily richly embroidered cloth of gold, which is always very expensive, and becomes on these occasions the property of the church. On this were placed the different Orders of the deceased. In about a quarter of an hour the metropolitan, attended by two archbishops and ten bishops, made his appearance, went up to the altar and kissed the paintings of our Saviour and of the Virgin; after which, his paraphernalia were brought out, each piece being separately blessed, kissed, and put on with much ceremony. A fine flowing head of hair appears to be indispensable for arriving at dignity in the Greek church: much attention was paid to that of the metropolitan while robing him. The whole of the sacerdotal habits were rich, but the mitres were particularly so in pearls. High mass was then performed with much solemnity and effect; the vocal music (for instrumental is excluded from the Greek church) was delightful, producing extraordinary harmony—not a note broken, or misplayed in any respect. After the mass, the monks made a lane, and the metropolitan, the archbishops, and bishops, placed themselves round the coffin. Wax tapers were put in the hands of every body; the ceremony became very solemn, and the prayer for the dead was rehearsed, when the metropolitan went round, preceded by incense, and blessed the congregation. After which, the prayer, 'Hope and Confession of a Faithful Christian, vulgarly called the Passport, was read, and placed on the coffin. It is nothing more than a meek confession of unworthiness, and ends thus:—'And with this faith, in the presence of the ever Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, and of all Holy Saints, who are acceptable unto thee, and through the prayers of the church, I come unto thee, O Lord, without doubt, and at the separation of my soul from my body, I beseech thee, O Lord, to receive my spirit into thine hands, and, according to thy mercy, to admit me into the evangelical beatitude, for ever and ever. Amen.—Year—month—buried here.' The relations then went round and kissed the coffin. Sometimes they kiss the body, but in this instance it was, even yesterday, too far gone. It was then borne by them to the grave, into which it was lowered with an accompanying prayer. Some sugar, raisins, and cake, were then set before the altar, over which prayers were said; and immediately afterwards every body departed *sans cérémonie*, many, I dare say, heartily glad to be released, for it was bitterly cold."

(To be continued.)

Sketches of Hayti; from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe. By W. W. Harvey, of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 416. Seeley and Son.

THE rising political importance of Hayti, and

the influence which its position will always have on the great questions of colonial independence and negro slavery, entitle it to much more consideration than has yet been accorded to it in England. Our own possessions in the West Indies, and the disputes so bitterly carried on respecting them, occupy a very disproportioned share of public attention; for, valuable as they are, it is only in consequence of their system having become an object of party attack and self-defence, that they are for ever brought forward by the press, in parliament, and in so many different shapes that it is almost impossible to avoid being somehow involved in the endless and far from inviting controversy. In the meanwhile, the colonies of foreign nations are almost utterly neglected; and it is seldom that we meet with more than an incidental mention of some French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, or Danish settlement. We are not prepared to say that the present volume gives us all the insight we could desire into the state of St. Domingo, alias Hayti—nor is it given precisely in the unprejudiced tone that could have been desired. The writer is so unboundedly an admirer, we had almost said a partisan, of Christophe,* and a eulogist of the emancipated negro population and government—that his statements and opinions cannot be viewed without suspicion. There is, nevertheless, a good deal of characteristic information in these pages, and, *cum grano salis* as to their partialities, they may be perused with benefit and satisfaction.

"If any one period (says Mr. Harvey) in the history of Hayti be calculated to awaken general interest more than another, it is undoubtedly that which has elapsed since its negro and coloured population have obtained their independence. It presents to us the picture of a people newly escaped from slavery, yet still suffering and exhibiting in their character its pernicious and demoralising effects; gradually returning from scenes of confusion and bloodshed, to habits of industry, peace, and order; steadily aiming, amidst frequent reverses, to establish a regular and independent government; and under circumstances of difficulty, with confined resources, labouring to improve their agriculture, to repair an exhausted population, to form commercial connexions, and to introduce a knowledge of the arts and sciences; thus laudably endeavouring to lay the foundation of an empire, which may perhaps be compared hereafter with nations the most celebrated for their civilisation and refinement. To the period of those efforts the present volume relates."

The author dwells in the preface, also, on his opportunities of acquiring information during a residence at Cape François; and professes to give simply sketches of Hayti since its emancipation, which commenced by the original revolts in August 1791. The British forces entered in September 1793; and retired June 1798. Independence was first proclaimed July 1, 1801, and secondly January 1, 1804: the French were finally expelled in December 1803. Des-

* Henry the First of Hayti. We remember a whimsical mistake of the toast-master at Freemason's Tavern at a dinner in support of the African Institution. Mr. Wilberforce was in the chair; and among the toasts given to the waiter behind him to proclaim to the company was—"The Health of King Henry of Hayti!" but the honest attendant had never dreamt of such a king, and not hearing very distinctly what was said, he called with an audible voice, "Gentlemen! be pleased to fill your glasses—To the memory of King Henry the Eighth!" A general laugh, in which the estimable chairman was not last, rewarded this new reading;—not very unlike that in the City, where the waiter, instead of "The Three Consuls of France, demanded a bumper to "The Three-per-Cent Consols."

salines was crowned emperor October 8, 1804, died October 17, 1806. Christophe was made president in February 1807, and king in June 1811, and died in October 1820.

Of the *Rural Code* (the existence of which has been so fiercely questioned in England), Mr. Harvey acknowledges the promulgation in May 1826, and says of it, gingerly enough, "It contains many judicious regulations with regard to agriculture; and there are others which appear to infringe on the liberty of the labouring classes of Haytiens, the necessity and policy of which remain to be proved. But whatever change the code may produce, it can never warrant the assertion, which has been incautiously made, that the condition of those classes is again become, in all respects, similar to the condition of slaves."

With the early scenes of the revolution it is not our province to meddle: these have been frequently described; and we will rather take our illustrations of the work from those passages where the author speaks of things as an eye-witness.

"The opinions of the Haytiens on the subject of equality were similar in their nature to those which they entertained respecting liberty. Their favourite maxim was, that 'all are free and equal; the natural consequence of which was, a degree of familiarity in their intercourse with one another, which appeared, at first sight, to level all distinctions. It might be difficult to reconcile the prevalence of these opinions with that state of subordination established among the subjects of Christophe, were it not a fact, that general familiarity of manners is often found compatible with the most perfect order and submission. In the case of the Haytiens especially, it will be recollected that the majority of those distinguished by their rank were originally the companions of others in slavery; and though now elevated above them by merit or fortune, their origin could never be forgotten, nor would their claims to an undue degree of respect, had they been disposed to urge them, have been regarded. Many of the nobility themselves were not prepared to understand fully the distinctions of rank, inasmuch that, if they were reminded that, to support their character and enforce their commands, it was necessary to behave towards their inferiors in a manner more consistent with their dignity, they replied, that they had never seen any ill effects arising from such familiarity as they allowed, nor perceived why their filling any office in the government, however important, should unfit them to associate with the people. Hence, the labourer addressed his employer, the soldier his officer, and an attendant a man of authority, with that freedom which a mutual opinion of equality could alone dictate or suffer. On the other hand, the officers of the army, when not on duty, frequently associated with the common soldiers; the nobles sometimes selected their companions from among the people; and the secretary of state was occasionally seen in a tailor's shop, sitting on the board with the workmen, engaged in close and familiar conversation. Whatever disagreeable consequences followed these opinions, they were chiefly confined to domestics, and most sensibly felt by strangers. Servants considered themselves on an equal footing with him, whom they served; and if asked why they did not call him master, — a title they never used, — their usual reply was, 'If he is my master, I am his slave; but there are no slaves in this country, — we are all free and equal.' To render their conduct in this instance still more absurd, they often deemed themselves

insulted by those who should omit to address them as *monsieur* or *mademoiselle*. At the same time, they gave their opinions on subjects on which their employers were conversing with their friends, and offered their advice in matters in which they were in no wise concerned, with a degree of officiousness and self-importance, as intolerable sometimes as it was amusing at others. While waiting at table, they often obtruded their remarks, utterly unconscious of their absurdity, or of the impropriety of their forwardness; and made their observations on the persons and dress of those on whom they waited with a freedom at times quite provoking.

"The great bulk of the people were still sunk in the deepest ignorance. The cultivators knew the use of their implements of labour, the soldiers understood that of their arms, and both had adopted vague and incorrect notions of liberty; but on all subjects connected with their improvement, they were as ignorant as the slaves of the neighbouring islands. Even in matters with which the most uneducated are supposed to be familiar, there was as obvious a difference between them and the lower orders of civilised countries, as exists between the latter and the educated classes of society."

This is shading down the frightful picture drawn by a French writer, that their idea of liberty was to give themselves over to uncontrolled licentiousness, and plunge (all ranks — soldiers, peasants, servants) into the most desperate corruption.

"The language generally spoken was a dialect (if it may indeed be termed such) of the French; so corrupt, that foreigners, however conversant in that tongue, found at first the greatest difficulty in understanding the *patois* of the Haytiens."

"If (continues the author) the Haytiens differed, in their general traits of character, from the black and coloured population of other West India islands, it was in their being more loquacious, vain, and pretending. When conversing with foreigners, they generally saved them the trouble of much speech; among themselves, their clatter, accompanied by grimace, at once surprised and amused a beholder; and if animated, especially by any violent passion, it might be supposed that their tongues had been constructed on the long-sought principle of perpetual motion. I witnessed a singular instance of their uncommon loquacity, the day after my arrival at Cape François, in the baraque, — for I cannot call it the conversation, — of a concealed mulatto. I had just finished my breakfast, when he entered the room, introduced himself *sans cérémonie*, by announcing, 'Monsieur, je viens vous rendre visite;' — and before I could ask his name, or the object of his visit, he had seized a chair, seated himself by my side, and begun his discourse. It would afford a very imperfect idea of his speech, to describe it in general terms: it should have been heard, delivered, as it was, with an unceasing rapidity, accompanied by the most violent gestures, and a continual change of position. As, however, some of its remarks may furnish an idea of Haytian conversation, I cannot forbear presenting the following specimen: — Drawing near me, and looking full in my face, he com-

menced, — 'Sir, I am exceedingly happy to see you at Cape Henry; for I like all Englishmen. I hope you purpose making a considerable stay in the island: you will, I assure you, find it extremely pleasant.' Then, endeavouring to look very shrewd, though unfortunately his countenance hardly admitted of that expression, he proceeded, — 'Sir, I have seen a great part of the West Indies, but have found no place comparable to this. All the other islands are disgraced by slavery. Here, sir, with an air of triumph approaching to the ludicrous, — 'here we are all free and equal. Our king, sir, — rising suddenly from his chair, and striking the table violently with an old cocked hat, — 'he is one of the best, as well as one of the greatest of men. The whites in the other islands laugh at him; but, — he continued, throwing his hat, apparently in great anger, to the farther corner of the room, — 'if they knew him, they would find him a superior man to the very best of them. As a proof of this, sir, — resuming his seat, and placing his forefinger in a parallel line with his nose, — 'see what he has done: I have never been in Europe; but from all I can learn, you are not better governed there than we are. Cape Henry, for example, — where will you find a place in which order so strikingly prevails? I have no doubt, sir, you will be highly gratified with your visit. — In short, — again rising, elevating his voice as he rose on his feet, and stretching forth his hand, as though about to deliver some weighty saying, — 'in short, sir, this is the country of liberty and independence: our motto is, *la liberté, ou la mort*; and destruction to those who shall ever lift the sword against us. And now, sir, — once more resuming his seat, speaking in a half-whispering tone, with a look of great self-satisfaction, — 'let me congratulate you on your arrival. — In this manner and strain he proceeded, alternately amusing and annoying me, for the good part of an hour; when he suddenly stopped short, rose up in haste, — then added, 'Monsieur, je viendrai vous revoir,' — and making so profound a bow as nearly to lose the centre of gravity, probably in gratitude for the patience of his auditor, he departed, and 'I saw him no more.' The Haytiens are no less remarkable for their false pretensions than for their loquacity; inasmuch that it was difficult to meet with one who, according to his own testimony, did not fill some station, more or less important, in the government or the army. An amusing instance of this peculiarity in their character occurred in the case of a negro, one of my fellow-passengers from the windward islands to Cape François. During the passage, this man informed me that he had been some time previously in England, whither he was sent by the Haytian government, on matters of great importance; and that on his arrival there he was introduced, to use his own expression, to the great men of that great nation. He named some of his particular friends, especially those with whom Christophe was in correspondence; at whose houses, he said, he had spent several days, carefully hinting that it was for the purpose of transacting the most important business. He further stated, that he now held a high official situation in Hayti, which gave him great interest with the king, and afforded him every opportunity of exerting himself for the benefit of his fellow-citizens; — a circumstance in which, he was anxious to assure me, he felt the deepest concern. During these communications, which were given in broken English, he made me frequent offers of his services while I should remain in the

* "An Englishman having requested a negro to lend him his horse, received the following reply, — *Monsieur, mon pauvre cheval est malade; mais mon cheval qui est guéri par moi, je vous le prête, si vous voulez. Le cheval de ce nègre sera bientôt guéri par moi.* The meaning of this answer will be easily comprehended by those who know French, and will afford them a specimen of the *patois* of Hayti."

island, and repeatedly promised me an introduction to the king, whom he called his patron and friend. Notwithstanding his great ignorance, of which he afforded numerous proofs, and the improbability of some parts of his statement, the attentions paid him by the master of the vessel, to whom he was well known, and the possibility that, in Hayti, men of this description might be promoted in the government, induced me to give some credit to his assertions. On our arrival at Cape François he continued exceedingly friendly; and whenever I met him, always renewed his promise of introducing me to his royal master;—a favour which, I may remark by the way, I did not require from him. Seeing him one day at a distance, while I was conversing with Dupuy, the king's interpreting secretary, I inquired of the baron who he might be; when I learnt, not a little to my surprise, that this self-named agent of the Haytian government had some time before travelled with a gentleman in England in the capacity of a valet, and that he was now Christophe's pastry-cook! * * *

"Destitute of the means of instruction, it is rather a matter of regret than of surprise, that the Haytians, at this period, were ignorant alike of the doctrines of revelation and of the duties of morality. Though the majority of the black population were born in the island, and others, being brought from Africa at an early age, might be supposed, from their long absence, to have forgotten their native superstitions—they still retain many of those notions respecting a Deity and a future world, as well as many of the practices peculiar to the African tribes, which are known to prevail among the negroes of the neighbouring islands. It was also said (though I discovered no instance of it), that the professors of that art, so usual among negroes, named obeah, continued their practices among the Haytians also, by whom they were held in constant dread. To these were added vague and incorrect notions of Christianity, which they had derived, during the period of their slavery, from their intercourse with the French. On Sundays the soldiers attended military mass; a ceremony which, under the best regulations, little resembles religious worship; and which, as it was celebrated in this case, became absolutely a farce. The guards at Cape François, morning and evening, sung their hymn to the Virgin; and a few decrepit old women were occasionally seen kneeling at the entrance of the church, counting their beads, and saying their prayers to their imaginary intercessor and guardian. In short, the religion of the Haytians, if the rites observed by them deserve the name, consisted of a strange mixture of the more absurd ceremonies of the church of Rome, with African superstitions equally absurd and degrading. * * *

"On account of the strong propensity to dishonesty among persons in trade, the resident European and American merchants, who supplied them with goods, found it necessary to proceed in all their transactions with the utmost caution. Nor was this at all times sufficient. Obligated to give long credit, to submit to irregular payments, and sometimes to heavy losses, they continually complained of the dissimulation and want of principle among their customers; and were often discouraged by the difficulty of procuring a profit on their wares by any means adequate to the risk they incurred, and the attention and labour their business required. * * *

In short, the mulattoes (for of these the tradespeople chiefly consisted) were so utterly

destitute of principle in all their transactions with whites, that they considered it no wrong to cheat them whenever an opportunity presented. This unfortunate propensity was not confined to those immediately engaged in business; instances sometimes occurred among the nobles and officers, who, in order to support their extravagance, often acted with equal duplicity and meanness. * * *

The remorseless tyranny into which Christophe fell after the first few years of his reign hastened his unpitied downfall. Of his cruelty we extract the following horrible example:—

"While his arbitrary proceedings in the government created general dissatisfaction among his officers, his capricious treatment of them, as individuals, destroyed their remaining attachment. Sometimes for the most trivial offences, at others for no visible cause whatever, he degraded them from their rank, and placed in their stead men neither deserving promotion, nor capable of discharging the duties which devolved on them. At the same time, his possession of unlimited power had rendered him suspicious, and jealous of merit; anxious to adopt measures rather for the security of his person and authority than for the welfare of his subjects; and disposed to interpret the most trifling actions into treason or rebellion, and to punish them with equal severity and injustice. By these proceedings he gradually lost the affections and confidence both of his officers and the people, till he had now become as much the object of their dread as he had formerly been of their admiration. Further than this, Christophe had long ceased to restrain himself from those sudden bursts of passion to which his temper was naturally subject; and the following instance of his violence, which occurred about the middle of his reign, may serve as a specimen of the change which the possession of sovereign power had gradually wrought in his conduct. The mulatto women who resided at Cape François, having always enjoyed their freedom, thought themselves on that account superior to the rest of the population; and they consequently hoped to have been exempted from many of the restraints imposed by Christophe on the blacks. When they found that no difference was made, but that the same law was binding on all, without respect to colour or rank, they considered themselves treated with injustice and cruelty; and from secretly murmuring at the conduct of their chief, at length grew openly disaffected. In order, therefore, to be delivered from what they unjustly considered oppression, they adopted the following expedient. In the absence of Christophe from the Cape, a party of them repaired to the church at that place to entreat the favour and interference of the Virgin Mary; and kneeling before her image, which they had previously adorned in the most fantastic manner, they represented to her that their chief, by having denied them their privileges, and encroached on their rights, was unjust, cruel, and villainous, and therefore deserving her signal displeasure and vengeance. They then earnestly prayed that she would prevent his return to the Cape, lest he should aggravate their present grievances; that he might be cut off by some dreadful death—for that none could be too dreadful for him to suffer; and that another and a better ruler might be given them; under whose government they might be prosperous and happy. All this they performed in the presence of the priest and others; and while passing the street, on their return from the church, they continued their petitions,

praying that their heaviest curses might fall on their oppressor. Whether their complaints were just, founded or not, they soon perceived that their prayers were unavailing; for shortly after the performance of this extraordinary ceremony, Christophe unexpectedly returned to the capital. Nor was it long before he received intelligence of their conduct;—for the priest, the very man who should have exerted himself to befriend them, willing to convince his patron how deeply interested he felt in his safety, hastened without delay to the palace, and related to him the transaction, with every aggravating circumstance that attended it. The effect which this intelligence produced on Christophe may be easily inferred from his conduct. He flew into so violent a rage that the priest began to fear lest he should share in the vengeance which he had provoked against others. It seemed as though the demon of cruelty, which had possessed Desalines, had now taken possession of his successor. And when his rage had partially subsided, his first act was to issue a mandate ordering the whole party to be put to instant death. This measure produced among all classes a sensation corresponding to its injustice and tyranny. The majority of the officers, ignorant of the particulars of the case, and unable on this account to judge to what extent these unfortunate women were guilty, positively refused to take any part in its execution. For wherefore should they be hastily, and perhaps undeservedly, consigned over to destruction? The alarm and terror of the inhabitants were still greater than the surprise of the soldiers. Although they well knew the conduct of the women, and were prepared to expect that it would be speedily punished, they had never dreaded a sentence so terrible; and since it was uncertain who had been named as the guilty, all began to entertain the most serious fears for their safety. But who can conceive the horrors of the wretched victims of rage and cruelty on learning their dreadful fate! Let the imagination, if it be able, picture the distressing scene. . . . But neither the expostulations and entreaties of his officers, nor the alarm of the people, could prevail on Christophe to countermand the bloody decree; and these helpless women were sought out and discovered by a party of soldiers, torn from their friends by violence, driven to a spot at a short distance; and before the rage of the cruel and impolitic chief had abated, they had fallen victims to the stroke of the executioner. A grassy mound, near the spot where they were beheaded, marks the place into which they were thrown, serving for their common grave. * * *

At length, tired of his ruthless barbarity, the whole army and people rose against him, and the monster destroyed himself by a pistol bullet in October 1820. * * *

"In the first period of life" (says Mr. Harvey) "we behold him a slave, chained by oppression, tortured by cruelty, exhausted by labour and suffering, without hope of deliverance or relief. He is then seen resolutely contending for his rights, amidst scenes of havoc and bloodshed, a leader in the cause of freedom and independence. Afterwards he is viewed seated at the head of his people; surrounded with the appendages, and exercising the prerogatives, of royalty; revered by his subjects, and labouring for their improvement. Last of all, we behold him becoming himself the oppressor and tyrant, abandoned in consequence by his principal adherents, and seeking a refuge from his fury in self-destruction. * * *

His son, the prince, aged seventeen, was

put to death a few days after; and Romaine, called Prince of Limbe, was placed at the head of affairs. His rule was of short duration; for Boyer, who had succeeded Petion in the Southern Republic, soon united the late northern kingdom to it, as one territory and under one rule, and so Hayti now continues, acknowledged by the nations of Europe, including France.

Narrative of a Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders, between the Years 1803 and 1809. By Captain Edward Boys, R.N. late a Midshipman of H. M. S. *Phoebe*. 12mo. pp. 228. London, 1827. R. Long.

INVENTION has hardly ever conceived a story of greater interest than this simple relation of facts; and the juvenile adventures of a British officer may fairly vie with the best-wrought tissue of well-woven fiction. That the "Narrative" did not appear sooner is readily accounted for by the circumstance, that its details might have injured those to whom the writer owed his gratitude for protection and assistance in his perilous course. This reason having ceased to operate through the lapse of time, we have now before us this strange tale

"Of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes,"

which cannot be perused without feelings of ardent curiosity and deep sympathy.

Cruising in the Mediterranean in 1802, Mr. Boys, then belonging to the *Phoebe*, Captain Capel, was sent as prize-master in a *settee*, but was taken by four of the enemy's frigates, and carried prisoner into Toulon. In August, the young Mid, Messrs. Murray and Whitehurst, brother officers, the master of a transport, and ninety men, were landed in the rudest manner, marched off indiscriminately, (because they would not betray the amount of Lord Nelson's force,) and, during a march of several days, treated with every brutal indignity that could be offered by an ungenerous foe. At Aix they were transferred to the charge of a gentleman whose conduct formed a perfect contrast to that of the miscreant under whose command they had proceeded thus far on their way. Their route afterwards lay through Tarascon, Beaucaire, and Nismes, at the latter of which they were kindly treated and helped by some of our countrymen, *détenus*. Having at length reached Toulouse, they were put on parole. Here and at Auch they were comparatively comfortable, till December, when orders came to send the officers to Verdun.

Here, among other means resorted to in order to plunder the English, a gaming-table was set up for their sole accommodation; and, as usual, led to scenes of great depravity and horror. For instance—

"An unfortunate young man, in order to while away the tedious hours, after a party, was enticed into this sink of iniquity, when he was tempted to throw on the table a half-crown; he won, and repeated the experiment several evenings successfully, till at length he lost. The manager immediately offered him a 'rouleau' of fifty pounds, which, in the heat of play, he thoughtlessly accepted, and lost. He then drew a bill on his agent, which Captain Brenton endorsed—this he also lost; he drew two others, which met with the same fate; and the next morning he was found dead in his bed, with his limbs much distorted, and his fingers buried in his sides. On his table was found an empty laudanum bottle, and scraps of paper whereon he had been practising the signature of Captain Brenton. On inquiry, it

was found that he had forged that officer's name to the two last bills. Thus did a once respectable young man meet a most dreadful and disgraceful end, from being exposed, at too early a period in life, to the temptation of gambling. Another circumstance also occurred, the atrocity of which was somewhat tinged with the ludicrous. A clerk, named Chambers, losing his monthly pay, which was his all, at the gambling table, begged to borrow of the managers; but they knew his history too well to lend without security, and therefore demanded something in pawn. 'I have nothing to give,' replied the youth, 'but my ears.' 'Well,' said one of the witty demons, 'let us have them.' The youth immediately took out of his pocket a knife, and actually cut off all the fleshy part of one of his ears, and threw it on the table, to the astonishment of the admiring gamblers: he received his two dollars, and gambled on. When this circumstance was reported to the senior officer, the hero was sent to Bitché."

Other injuries were often added to the constant practice of extortions: as an example, Captain Boys relates—

"Four of us were rambling about the country, with a pointer and silken net, catching quails, when the gun was fired. On our return, in passing through the village of Tierville, we were surprised by two gendarmes, one of whom instantly dismounted, and seized me, uttering the most blasphemous epithets; he tied my elbows behind me, then slipping a noose round my bare neck, triced me up to the holsters of his saddle, remounted, and returned with his prize to town, exulting in his cowardly triumph, and pouring forth volleys of vulgar abuse, every now and then tightening the cord, so as to keep me trotting upon the very extremity of the toes, to obtain relief; then again loosening it, as occasional guttural symptoms of strangulation seemed to indicate necessity. Vain would be the attempt to convey an adequate idea of the impotent rage then boiling within me, at the insult offered to my juvenile dignity, whilst a determined haughtiness disdained to betray the slightest indication of submission or complaint. My companions were secured round the middle, with the utmost violence and brutality; thus we were conducted to town, and when delivered over to the proper authorities and interrogated, were released. The next morning I waited on the senior officer, Captain Woodruff, who, with a promptitude which did honour to his feelings, and indignation worthy of a British officer, immediately represented the fact to General Wirion, who assured him the gendarmes should be ordered into solitary confinement."

In consequence of three middys being caught in a disgraceful attempt to break their parole in 1806, the whole class, seventy-three in number, were sent off, for greater security, as *très-mauvais sujets*, to Valenciennes and Givet. On their route, our author and a friend named Moyses, though their escort was powerful and the discipline most watchful, determined to attempt their escape. Having concocted their scheme as well as they could, they kept watch for an opportunity, but were always balked, and at length separated, Moyses for Givet, and our hero for Valenciennes, whither he was safely conducted. At Valenciennes, Mr. Boys never abandoned his resolution, and relates the many disappointments which attended his efforts to procure a comrade, and to get out of his strong fortress prison, with a touching plainness:—such an attempt as he contemplated was indeed no boy's play.

"Whether they doubted the possibility of escape, or were deterred by the recollection of the barbarous murders at Bitché, I cannot say; for it was known, that when the commandant of that place had gained information of an intended attempt, he suffered the fugitives to reach a certain point, where the gendarmes were concealed, ready to rush in, and murder them. Two sailors, named Marshall and Cox, fell victims to this refined system of republican discipline. A somewhat similar act of cold-blooded atrocity afterwards occurred at Givet, in the person of Hayward, a midshipman: this gallant fellow, with his friend Gale, had broken out of prison, in the face of day, and fled into the country: unfortunately they were discovered, and the alarm given; two horse gendarmes immediately pursued, and overtook them in an open field. On their approach, Hayward, being unarmed, and seeing escape impossible, stood still, extending his hands, and exclaimed—'*Je me rends*;' but this was too favourable an opportunity to be neglected, for the savage gratification of shedding human blood. Neither the defenceless state of the individual, nor his prompt surrender, could avert these merciless miscreants from plunging their swords into his manly chest, and mangling the body in a horrible manner. It was afterwards taken into the prison-yard, stripped naked, and exposed to the view of the prisoners, for the purpose of intimidating others from the like attempt. Gale gave himself up at the same time; and although he received several severe wounds, they did not prove mortal."

At last, after all due preparation, a party of four screwed their courage to the sticking-place, and, "at half-past seven, (on the 16th of November, says the narrative,) we assembled, armed with clasp knives, and each provided with a paper of fine pepper, upon which we placed our chief dependence; for, in case of being closely attacked, we intended throwing a handful into the eyes of the assailants, and running away. The plan was, that Hunter and myself were to depart first, fix the rope, and open the opposing doors; a quarter of an hour afterwards, Whitehurst and Mansell were to follow: by these means we diminished the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more upon his own care; for if Hunter and myself were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety; and if, on the contrary, they were discovered, we hoped to have time, during the alarm, to gain the country. Our intentions were, to march to the sea-side, and range the coast to Breskins, in the island of Cadzand, opposite Flushing; and, if means of getting aloft were not found before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage boat for Flushing, and, about mid-channel, rise and seize the vessel. It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy, that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise: indeed, things were so promising an appearance, that we resolved to take leave of a few other of our brother officers; eight of them were accordingly sent for; to these, I detailed our exact situation, the difficulties we

* It will scarcely be credited, that the commandant gave the perpetrators of this courageous exploit a pecuniary reward, with this observation:—"I give you this for having killed one of them; had you killed both, the reward would have been doubled."

had to contend with, and the means of surmounting them, reminded them of our letter to the commandant of last month, and the glory of putting our threats into execution, in spite of his increased vigilance; read the one we had that afternoon written, and proposed that any of them should follow that chose,—but with this stipulation, that they allowed four hours to elapse before they made the attempt. Upon which, it being a quarter past eight, Hunter and myself, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footstep might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed. We first went into the back-yard, and, assisted by Rochfort, who was now convalescent, but not sufficiently strong to join the party, got over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road, and climbed silently upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the back of the north guard-room—lying perfectly still as the sentinels approached, and as they receded again advancing, until we reached the parapet over the gateway leading to the upper citadel. Here the breast-work, over which we had to creep, was about five feet high, and fourteen thick; and it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below; but, fortunately, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to take shelter in their boxes. With the utmost precaution we crept upon the summit, and down the breast-work towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry of ‘Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous,’ similar to our ‘All’s well!’ this, though it created for a moment rather an unpleasant sensation, convinced me that we had reached thus far unobserved. I then forced the poker into the earth, and by rising and falling with nearly my whole weight hammered it down with my chest; about two feet behind I did the same with the stake, fastening a small line from the upper part of the poker to the lower part of the stake: this done, we made the well-rope secure round the poker, and gently let it down through one of the grooves in the rampart, which receives a beam of the draw-bridge when up. I then cautiously descended this half-chimney, as it were, by the rope; when I had reached about two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, struck against the side, and rebounded against my chest; this I luckily caught between my knees, and carried down without noise. I crossed the bridge, and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence.”

They were joined by their two following friends:—but, interesting as the story here becomes, we must crave our readers to have patience till next Saturday.

Sketches of Persia. 2 vols. J. Murray.

The Persians of all classes, we are told, have an unconquerable antipathy to the sea: they are too polite and complimentary for that rough element.

“One morning, (it is stated by the author, by way of illustrating this characteristic trait,) when the envoy was preparing a match, to be run by a beautiful English greyhound, called Venus, and a strong Arabian dog, named Kessah, or the Butcher,—he was giving directions to his master of the chase, Hyder, and expressing his sanguine hopes of Venus’s success; Mahomed Beg, a tall, well-dressed Persian groom, assented to all his anticipations, saying, ‘What preten-

sions can that Arab dog have to run with the beautiful greyhound of the elchee?’”

The Arabs are far more straightforward and honest, as the sequel of the chase story proves.

“Others joined in the same language: and the opinion appeared general, when an Arab, called Gherreeba, whose pay was only four piastres a month, whose chequered turban and cloth round his middle were not worth one, and whose occupation was sitting all day exposed to the sun, watering some grass screens that were placed against the door of the house to exclude the heat, darted up; and with an eye of fire, and the most marked energy, exclaimed, ‘By the all-powerful God, the Arab dog will triumph!’ Gherreeba was for the moment the representative of the feelings of his country. The parasites around stood watching the elchee, and were not a little mortified when they heard him applaud the honest warmth and manly independence of the poor Arab, who was invited to witness the trial. It ended, like most similar trials, in each party being convinced that their own favourite was, or ought to have been, the winner. The dogs ran as usual, beautifully: Venus was by far the fleetest; but the chase, which was after a half-grown antelope, proved long, and the strength of the Butcher prevailed towards the close. It is, however, justice to the deer species, while we are praising the canine, to add, that the antelope beat them both.”

Another Arab anecdote may be told here—a native who was hurt came to the English physician.

“The patient,” the doctor said, “complained more of the accident which had befallen him than I thought becoming in one of his tribe. This I remarked to him, and his answer was truly amusing. ‘Do not think, doctor, I should have uttered one word of complaint if my own high-bred colt, in a playful kick, had broke both my legs; but to have a bone broken by a brute of a jackass is too bad, and I will complain.’ This distinction of feeling, as to the mode in which bones are broken, is not confined to the Arabs. I once met an artilleryman, after an action in India, with his arm shattered, who was loudly lamenting his bad fortune. I pointed in an upbraiding manner to some fine fellows on the ground, whose luck had been worse. ‘It is not the wound, sir,’ he retorted, in a passion, ‘of which I complain; had I lost a limb by a cannon-ball, I should not have said a word; but to lose one by a rascally rocket would make any one mad!’”

On passing the mountains into the valley of Kazeroon, the author relates: “those of our party who had not been in Persia before, were quite delighted at the change of scene, and began to give us credit for the roses and nightingales which we promised them on its still happier plains. What they had seen of the inhabitants of the mountains we had passed, inclined them to believe the marvellous tales we told of the tribe of Mama Suneec, who boast of having preserved their name and habits unaltered from the time of Alexander the Great. We had good reason, when on the first mission, to remember this tribe, who, in conformity to one of their most ancient usages, had plundered a part of our baggage that was unfortunately left without a guard in the rear. The loss would have been greater but for a curious incident. Among the camels left behind was one loaded with bottles containing nitric acid, which had been furnished in considerable quantities to us at Bombay. The able physician

who discovered its virtues was solicitous that its efficacy should have a fair trial in Persia; and it certainly proved a sovereign remedy in an extreme case, but one in which he had not anticipated its effects. The robbers, after plundering several camel-loads, came to that with the nitric acid. They cast it from the back of the animal upon the ground. The bottles broke, and the smoke and smell of their contents so alarmed the ignorant and superstitious Mama Suneec, that they fled in dismay, fully satisfied that a pent-up genie of the Faringees had been let loose, and would take ample vengeance on them for their misdeeds. The truth of this was proved by the testimonies of the camel-drivers, the subsequent confession of some of the thieves, and the circumstance of several of the loads which were near the nitric acid being untouched.”

“Riza Kooli Khan, the governor of Kazeroon, came to pay the elchee a visit. This old nobleman had a silk band over his eye-sockets, having had his eyes put out during the late contest between the Zend and Kajir families for the throne of Persia. He began, soon after he was seated, to relate his misfortunes, and the tears actually came to my eyes at the thoughts of the old man’s sufferings, when judge of my surprise to find it was to entertain, not to distress us, he was giving the narration, and that, in spite of the revolting subject, I was compelled to smile at a tale, which in any country except Persia, would have been deemed a subject for a tragedy: but as poisons may by use become aliment, so misfortunes, however dreadful, when they are of daily occurrence, appear like common events of life. But it was the manner and feelings of the narrator that, in this instance, gave the comic effect to the tragedy of which he was the hero. ‘I had been too active a partisan,’ said Riza Kooli Khan, ‘of the Kajir family, to expect much mercy when I fell into the hands of the rascally tribe of Zend. I looked for death, and was rather surprised at the lenity which only condemned me to lose my eyes. A stout fellow of a ferasch came as executioner of the sentence; he had in his hand a large blunt knife, which he meant to make his instrument: I offered him twenty toman if he would use a penknife I showed him. He refused in the most brutal manner, called me a merciless villain, asserting that I had slain his brother, and that he had solicited the present office to gratify his revenge, adding, his only regret was not being allowed to put me to death.’ ‘Seeing,’ continued Riza Kooli, ‘that I had no tenderness to look for from this fellow, I pretended submission, and laid myself on my back; he seemed quite pleased, tucked up his sleeves, brandished his knife, and very composedly put one knee on my chest, and was proceeding to his butchering work, as if I had been a stupid innocent lamb, that was quite content to let him do what he chose. Observing him, from this impression, off his guard, I raised one of my feet, and planting it on the pit of his stomach, sent him heels over head, in a way that would have made you laugh, (imitating with his foot the action he described, and laughing heartily himself at the recollection of it). I sprang up; so did my enemy; we had a short tussle—but he was the stronger; and having knocked me down, succeeded in taking out my eyes. The pain at the moment,’ said the old Khan, ‘was lessened by the warmth occasioned by the struggle. The wounds soon healed; and when the Kajirs obtained the undisputed sovereignty of Persia, I was rewarded for my suffering in their cause. All my sons have been promoted,

and I am governor of this town and province. Here I am in affluence, and enjoying a repose in which men, who can see are in this country perfect strangers. If there is a denigrator of revenue, or any real or alleged crime for which another governor would be removed, beaten, or put to death, the king says, 'Never mind, it is poor blind Riza Kooli; let him alone; so you observe, please, that I have no reason to complain, being, in fact, better defended from misfortune, by the loss of my two eyes, than I could be by the possession of twenty of the clearest in Persia; and he laughed again at this second joke.'

Of Persian manners, the following is also an interesting picture.

'The regulations of our risings and standings, and movings and reseatings, were, however, of comparatively less importance than the time and manner of smoking our kiliams and taking our coffee. It is quite astonishing how much depends upon coffee and tobacco in Persia. Men are gratified or offended, according to the mode in which these favourite refreshments are offered. You welcome a visitor, or send him off, by the way in which you call for a pipe or a cup of coffee. Then you mark, in the most minute manner, every shade of attention and consideration, by the mode in which he is treated. If he be above you, you present these refreshments yourself, and do not partake till commanded; if equal, you exchange pipes, and present him with coffee, taking the next cup yourself; if a little below you, and you wish to pay him attention, you leave him to smoke his own pipe; but the servant gives him, according to your condescending nod, the first cup of coffee; if much inferior, you keep your distance and maintain your rank, by taking the first cup of coffee yourself, and then directing the servant, by a wave of the hand, to help the guest. When a visitor arrives, the coffee and pipe are called for to welcome him; a second call for these articles announces that he may depart; but this part of the ceremony varies according to the relative rank or intimacy of the parties. These matters may appear light to those with whom observations of this character are habits, not rules; but in this country they are of primary consideration—a man's importance with himself and with others depending on them. From the hour the first mission reached Persia, servants, merchants, governors of towns, chiefs, and high public officers, presuming upon our ignorance, made constant attempts to trespass upon our dignity, and though repelled at all points, they continued their efforts, till a battle royal at Shiraz put the question to rest, by establishing our reputation, as to a just sense of our own pretensions, upon a basis which was never afterwards shaken.'

Instead of relating the particulars of this well-fought battle of etiquette, we shall for the present conclude with a native tale.

'It will be admitted by all, that the Persians, in the luxuriance of their imaginations, have embellished wonderfully the less artificial writings of the Hindus. The lowest animal they introduce into a fable, speaks a language which would do honour to a king. All nature contributes to adorn the metaphorical sentence; but their perfection in that part of composition called the *Itaet-e-Rengeneh*, or florid style, can only be shown by example, and for that purpose I have made a literal translation of the fable of the 'Two Cats,' from which I suspect we have borrowed ours, of the 'Town and Country Mouse.'—In former days there was an old woman, who lived in a hut more confined than the minds of the ignorant, and more dark

than the tombs of misers. Her companion was a cat, from the mirror of whose imagination the appearance of bread had never been reflected, nor had she from friends or strangers, even heard its name. It was enough that she now and then scented a mouse, or observed the print of its feet upon the floor; when, blessed by favouring stars, or benignant fortune, one fell into her claws.

She became like a beggar who discovers a treasure of gold; Her cheeks glowed with rapture, and past grief was consumed by present joy.

This feast would last for a week or more: and while enjoying it she was wont to exclaim—

'Am I, O God! when I contemplate this, in a dream or awake?

Am I to experience such prosperity after such adversity?

But as the dwelling of the old woman was in general the mansion of famine to this cat, she was always complaining, and forming extravagant and fanciful schemes. One day, when reduced to extreme weakness, she with much exertion reached the top of the hut; when there, she observed a cat stalking on the wall of a neighbour's house, which, like a fierce tiger, advanced with measured steps, and was so loaded with flesh that she could hardly raise her feet. The old woman's friend was amazed to see one of her own species so fat and sleek, and broke out into the following exclamation:

'Your stately strides have brought you here at last; pray tell me from whence you come? From whence have you arrived with so lovely an appearance?

You look as if from the banquet of the Khan of Khatkai. Where have you acquired such a comeliness? and how came you by that glorious strength?

The other answered, 'I am the sultan's crum-eater. Each morning, when they spread the convivial table, I attend at the palace, and there exhibit my address and courage. From among the rich meats and wheat-cakes I cull a few choice morsels; I then retire and pass my time till next day in delightful indolence.' The old dame's cat requested to know what rich meat was, and what taste wheat-cakes had? 'As for me,' she added, in a melancholy tone, 'during my life, I have neither eat nor seen any thing but the old woman's gruel and the flesh of mice.' The other smiling, said, 'This accounts for the difficulty I find in distinguishing you from a spider. Your shape and stature are such as must make the whole generation of cats blush; and we must ever feel ashamed while you carry so miserable an appearance abroad.'

You certainly have the ears and tail of a cat. But in other respects you are a complete spider.

Were you to see the sultan's palace, and to smell his delicious viands, most undoubtedly those withered bones would be restored; you would receive new life, you would come from behind the curtain of invisibility into the plain of observation:

When the perfume of his beloved passes over the tomb of a lover, Is it wonderful that his putrid bones should be re-animated?

The old woman's cat addressed the other in the most supplicating manner: 'O, my sister!' she exclaimed, 'have I not the sacred claims of a neighbour upon you? are we not linked in the ties of kindred? what prevents your giving a proof of friendship, by taking me with you when next you visit the palace? Perhaps from your favour plenty may flow to me, and from your patronage I may attain dignity and honour.'

Withdraw not from the friendship of the honourable! Abandon not the support of the elect.

The heart of the sultan's crum-eater was

melted by this pathetic address; she promised her new friend should accompany her on the next visit to the palace. The latter, employed, went down immediately from the terrace, and communicated every particular to the old woman, who addressed her with the following counsel:—Be not deceived, my dearest friend, with the worldly language you have listened to; abandon not your corner of content, for the cup of the covetous is only to be filled by the dust of the grave; and the eye of cupidity and hope can only be closed by the needle of mortality, and the thread of fate.

It is content that makes men rich; Mark this, ye avaricious, who traverse the world; He neither knows nor pays adoration to his God, Who is dissatisfied with his condition and fortune.

But the expected feast had taken such possession of poor puss's imagination, that the medicinal counsel of the old woman was thrown away.

The good advice of all the world is like wind in a bag, Or water in a sieve, when bestowed on the headstrong.

To conclude: next day, accompanied by her companion, the half-starved cat, hobbled to the sultan's palace. Before this unfortunate wretch came, as it is decreed that the covetous shall be disappointed, an extraordinary event had occurred, and, owing to her evil destiny, the water of disappointment was poured on the flame of her immature ambition. The case was this: a whole legion of cats had, the day before, surrounded the feast, and made so much noise, that they disturbed the guests, and in consequence, the sultan had ordered that some archers, armed with bows from Tartary, should, on this day, be concealed, and that whatever cat advanced into the field of valour, covered with the shield of audacity, should, on eating the first morsel, be overtaken with their arrows. The old dame's puss was not aware of this order. The moment the flavour of the viands reached her, she flew like an eagle to the place of her prey. Scarcely had the weight of a mouthful been placed in the scale to balance her hunger, when a heart-dividing arrow pierced her breast.

A stream of blood rushed from the wound. She fled, in dread of death, after having exclaimed— Should I escape from this terrific archer? I will be satisfied with my mouse, and the miserable hut of my old mistress.

My soul rejects the honey if accompanied by the sting; Content with the most frugal fare, is preferable.

This fable is a fair specimen of the style of such compositions; but it is in the delectable, or introductions to letters or books, that the fiery steel of the two-tongued pen (meaning a split reed) is allowed to run wild amidst the rich pasture of the verdant field of imagination.

Rambling Notes. By Sir A. B. Faulkner.

[Conclusion of our Review.]

The author has some very excellent observations on the state of the fine arts in France, and on ancient art; but he is in error in supposing that the sanguinary part played by David, the painter, during the revolution, is not as notorious as it was horrible. Indeed his own opinions rather surprise us: for without a sense of religion as he possesses, he does not seem to us to feel very strongly the evils of its greatest adversaries. His wrath is rather nursed for a dreadful onslaught against the medical profession, and as he here speaks from abundance of knowledge, we shall throw out his gauntlet for the protection of his Esculapian brethren; and thus prove that book reviewing is not a healing art. Es. grav. to altit. a dozen of superb solidus 9

Speaking of doctors, I would last night to

the Théâtre de Madame. One of the pieces acted (for we had three) was called 'Le Médecin des Dames'; and is no bad piece of ridicule on the influence which the médecin commands over the affairs of men; when he makes his appeal through the predilections of the sex. There is no flight of caprice too extravagant, which the author denies the ladies, 'if it be only the sanction of the doctor's ordonnance';—jests of pleasure, balls, masquerades, &c. &c.; and to Lolotte, one of these ladies, on his unexpected arrival at their château de campagne, sings in raptures a chanson, of which the following is a stanza:—

C'est le docteur.

Chacun et l'accueille et l'admire;
L'époux même, le plus grandeur,
et de la plus jalouse humeur,
Sans crainte, sans bruit, se retire;
Car sa femme vient de lui dire,
C'est le docteur.

"The doctor on some occasions makes hot love, and the whole ménage is completely under his direction. To wind up, the heroine of the piece takes his final prescription, and marries a handsome colonel, with whom she had contrived to have many a snug assignation under shelter of the doctor's recipe for change of air; and so a piece concludes which is without a rival in dullness, and of which the jocund approach by far too near to sober reality to let us laugh. One of the many ladies under his spell calls him, 'le Dorat de la Famille, car il a toujours dans sa poche le Journal des Modes, et fait ses ordonnances en madrigaux.' Alas! we need not travel far to find a match for this gentleman in our own honest land. It is humiliating to a profession which deserves to be respectable to name it; but I literally remember an M.D., in a good deal of business, fraught with one of the (ciderant) Scotch licenses to slay, who used to pay a certain number of hebdomadal visits, to perform the express service of catering gossip and mending the pens of a female patient; and she was amazingly taken with him. But why should we be surprised at this or any thing else of the kind, when we see the profession so very frequently in the hands of the ignorant; and that any man who chooses to practise en docteur, gets credit for skill only because he has stood a certain number of years behind a counter, or trod the wards of an hospital? The doctor, when speaking of his triplicate function, styles himself a general practitioner; and the general's course, I believe to be too generally as follows. His first matriculation commences at the Galen's head, with little better preparation than a grocer's apprentice; and there he is doomed and indentured to remain for a certain number of years, pulverising and extracting. Now, whatever he may claim for extraction, it will surely not be contended that such a place is just the most suited for abstraction. At least his matches of opportunity for study, stolen from official hours and duties, cannot be very numerous; and allowing that he is ever so eager for scaling the heights of science, who is to direct his studies? His master must, like all other men, be liable to consult his own interest in preference to his apprentice's accomplishments, and to look for some more substantial return for his services, than the furniture of his brain, which is of so much less use to him than the produce of his hands; or, allowing that brain could not be entirely dispensed with, the work of his hands at least brings most grist to the mill. As the indentures wear older, the apprentice begins to catch a little of the *amour propre* James himself, and seeing its gratifica-

tion may be reached without the sciences, wisely abandons all farther thoughts of them, looking to more direct and available means. The indentures are now actually out, and the mature apprentice commences an established pharmacopoli on his own account. His course is now clear and straight before him. He pounds away through some profitable years, until he realises a capital, and puts forth the bloom of his reputation, when, if the extent of his connexion gives him sufficient encouragement (it will depend upon this), he sloughs off his chrysalis of gallipot, and expands into the many-coloured glories of the general practitioner. You then see him bustling (more frequently driving) from fistula to fever, until he comes to be looked upon as the very incarnate personification of the infallible pill he prescribes. But, without either colouring or exaggeration, there certainly is no profession within the whole range of respectable means of making a livelihood, the practice of which is so liable to deteriorate as physic, or one where a man, with a small smattering of knowledge, and a discreet cunning, may fleece with a safer freedom, or a more becoming grace, not only without risk of being detected, but even with character,—perhaps a high place in human esteem. And as we are on this subject, I shall trespass with my reasons for holding such an opinion. I begin, then, by assuming, that physic, if a trade (the whole of my observations are hypothetical), is the trade of all others the most exactly cut out for a rogue. There is the absence of all restraint; and the only security for the doctor's ability or fair dealing, may be only what is wasted to us in the gossip-tale of some retainer in his interest. A transaction with a watchmaker the other day affords an illustration. My watch had stopped, and I took it to him to put it to rights. He armed his eyes with a microscope, and continued to exhaust my patience for a considerable time, very sapiently occupied, as I thought, examining the machinery to discover the disorder. At last he told me, he could do my watch no good without taking it all to pieces; to which objecting, I carried it to another, who, a good deal to my surprise, discovered I had only forgotten to wind it up. A chimney-downer was within an ace of playing me the same sort of trick a few days after; but his bold assurances of relieving me in a trice of my smoky distresses, raised my suspicion. Next day I found he was an arrant rogue, and took in hundreds with the same bait; and had several law-suits on hand to enforce the penalty of breach of contract against those who discovered the trick not until too late. It is the fashion to talk of the daring impositions and profits of an imported mountebank; but I maintain that a homebred shark of our own carries off more of the unrighteous mammon in a week, than your starveling of Italy in months. Give me a thorough-paced low grade of general practitioner, with a good *endue* perditia and *sermo promptus*, and only one season or two of an hospital, I ask no more, I will back him in fame and profits against any dozen mere quack-salers, and give you your choice of all Italy, from the Jura Alps to Calabria. Peace to thy manes, Brodum! If men allowed themselves to be duped by thy disciples, they richly deserved it. With you there was no disguise, no 'ignorance with looks profound,' no season or two under the lectures of Mr. A. or Dr. B. to quote, as a passport to the confidence of the new adventurer on your skill. All was straight-forward plain work. The sly general who physics the major part of the

British community, if my whole speculation be not astray, as far out-herods the most professed quack, as hypocrisy, with an air of orthodoxy, is more dangerous than the broad claim of a jumping methodist. It is miraculous what a little learning can effect in setting off the attractions of that art which Madame de Sevigné so comprehensively describes in one sentence as an affair of 'pompeux galimatias, specieux babil, des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets.' Skill and impudence, we are proverbially told, are an invincible couple; but of all the forms of downright business-doing phylac by which we are beset, there is none that comes within a thousand miles of that which, to a name for skill, adds a character for devotion. Physic and the sanctuary are absolutely irresistible, especially over the susceptible natures of the doctor-going portion of the softer sex. Such a *médecin des dames* never can fail to find a Lolotte in every family. Dare to disabuse the imbecility that submits to his dupery, and to shew the doctor in his true proportions to the very person he is draining of the last fee, call your witnesses of his ignorance, and cite your facts and your dates; and, in doing all this, heat the furnace ten times hotter than it was wont to be heated, the doctor comes forth without a hair singed, or so much as the smell of fire on his garments.

And there is much more of this, which we will leave to the Faculty to read and answer, having ourselves neither room nor inclination to probe the case farther. Indeed, we must now take our leave of Sir A. B. Faulkner, warning him against such trespasses as the anecdotes pages 26 and 28, and thanking him very cordially for a great deal of shrewd remark and curious intelligence, besides the general amusement of rambling with his rambles.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Natural History of the most Remarkable Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, Reptiles, and Insects. By Mrs. Mary Trimmer. 2 vols. 18mo. T. Tegg; Haila; Bowdery and Kirby, London; Griffin and Co. Glasgow.

ADORNED by above three hundred wood-cuts (exceedingly well done), and printed with all the neatness which characterises the Chiswick Press of Messrs. Whittingham, these little volumes are (to use a common phrase) quite the thing to be put into the hands of infancy and youth. We are always delighted to see instruction taking new and pleasing forms; and these specimens of a "Cabinet Library" assume that which is at once cheap, useful, and attractive. Here the inquisitive mind of childhood may most agreeably acquire a knowledge of all the beasts of the field, and birds of the air, and fishes of the sea; and we recommend the work for their amusement as much as study.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

A Practical Grammar of the Russian Language. By James Heard. St. Petersburg, 1827.

SUCH a work as the present has long been a desideratum among our countrymen connected with Russia, and especially the very great number of natives of the United Kingdom who inhabit the Russian capital, and who have hitherto had no means of acquiring a knowledge of the language, except through the medium of grammars written in French or German; of all which the author professes to have made unreserved use; especially of Reiff's *Grammaire Russe*; and of those of Tappe and Vater

in German. The following passage from the author's modest preface, explains his object in a few words, and we therefore let him speak for himself.

"The simplicity of the plan will greatly facilitate the labour of the student, while the ideas contained in the exercises will tend to relieve his mind from the irksome dryness of grammatical definitions. The themes on the most important rules consist of select sentences, gradually increasing in difficulty; followed by promiscuous exercises, (at the end of each principal part of speech), extracted from the works of the most celebrated Russian authors. No rules are anticipated in these themes, which run chiefly on the remarks immediately preceding, and occasionally upon parts previously explained."

We consider it as a great recommendation of this work, that it is very concise. Consisting of only 320 pages, small 8vo, and printed in a clear and not small type, it is calculated to invite the student who is really desirous of learning a language which is daily rising in importance—instead of frightening him, as we know many have been frightened, by ponderous and ill-printed grammars and lexicons. Should it be objected, that it is not possible to compress into so small a compass every thing that a foreigner might wish to know, regarding the grammar of the language, we will observe, that in our own experience of learning languages, which has been pretty extensive, we have always found it best to use first a concise practical grammar, either in English or some other language already familiar to us, and subsequently to have recourse to grammars written in the language which we were studying. We have no doubt that this Grammar will enable an Englishman, especially one living in Russia, to make a rapid progress, and have no hesitation in recommending it to such of our readers as may require a guide to the knowledge of the Russian language. A second part, consisting of about 200 pages, contains a key to the exercises in the first part; some dialogues; and reading lessons, in prose and verse. Among the latter are some of Bowring's specimens, with the original, and some English poems, Gray's *Elegy*, Goldsmith's *Hermit*, &c. with Russian translations.

The Beauties of Canning, &c. By A. Howard. 18mo. Tegg.

A TIMELY selection from the Poems, Essays, and Speeches of Mr. Canning, and forming the twenty-second volume of a little work called the *Beauties of Literature*. Though every part of them is not likely to interest the less informed classes of readers, the whole are well calculated to improve the popular mind, and keep alive the national admiration of its much, but not too deeply, lamented Minister.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MR. GURNEY'S STEAM CARRIAGE.—This ingenious and persevering gentleman has been unlucky in his experiments; the effects of which, apparently trifling accidents, not dependent upon the main scientific principles, have intervened to cover with, perhaps unmerited, obloquy. On Saturday last, in trying his steam-carriage against Highgate Hill, a wheel broke, and some other imperfections of the machinery operated so inopportunistically as to throw an air of ridicule over what appears in other respects to have been a curious manifestation of the powers of steam in propelling a body on land. We are not yet sanguine of

complete success in an undertaking of this kind; but we are sure that Mr. Gurney deserves great praise for his zeal and energy; and in the end, we are persuaded that riding on teakettles will not be so much of a joke (we do not mean to infer explosions) as it is now. Steam is still but a youthful agent: by the time the smoke has a gray head, it will work many wonders for mankind.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

IN the absence of data from which to draw a correct inference, we are too often induced to bend the little information we possess, to suit some delusive or favourite theory which we entertain and are anxious to establish; especially when to incomplete materials is added the difficulty of overturning the assumed positions, from the distance of time and other causes. Precisely in this light may the subject before us be considered. Much ingenious argument having often been employed to prove the tales in question are not what they really are, and to demonstrate they are what they are not: unable to stem the tide of conflicting opinion, they have been hurried away, reckless of home, whilst to Arabia has been assigned the honour of their birth-place.

M. Joseph von Hammer, aulic counsellor and interpreter to the emperor, at Vienna, has stood forth as their champion, and shewn the opinion generally entertained of their Arabian origin is incorrect, and that they were originally from India, or rather from Persia. M. von Hammer's paper, of which the following is an abstract, is to be found in the April Number of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Paris* for 1827.

From a passage in a MS. of Masoudi, in the possession of Chevalier d'Italinsky, Envoy from the Emperor of Russia at Rome, which M. von H. has transcribed and given in the Persian characters, with a translation in the above journal, "it results," says M. von H., "that the tales of a Thousand and One Nights are of Indian or rather Persian origin, that they were called in the original Persian the *Thousand Fables*, that the real name of the vizier's daughter is not *Scheherazade*, that is to say, city-born, but *Schirzade*, lion-born, or milk-born; that her companion *Dinarzade*, was originally considered not as her sister, but as her nurse; in short, that the stories of *Chimbas* and *Sindbad* the Sailor formed no part of the original, but have been since embodied with them."

"The epoch in which these tales were first translated from Persian into Arabic," says M. von H., "was, I suppose, during the reign of the Caliph Mamoun: in another chapter, Masoudi, speaking of the caliphs and the occurrences which mark their reigns, expressly says, that it was under Mamoun, that not only scientific works, but fables and tales like those of *Sindbad* and others were begun to be translated."

This is certainly very decisive and conclusive; there now only remains to be brought forward the passage of Masoudi, the main-spring, the column of support on which every thing hinges.

Translation of the Passage of Masoudi.

"Many persons well acquainted with their histories (the Arabians), say that these tales (of *Erem*) are romances forged for the occasion, and tales coined at leisure by those who have gained the king's favour by relating them to

them, and ingratiated themselves into the good opinion of their contemporaries, by learning them by heart and repeating them.

"The style of these traditions, concerning *Erem-dast-ul-amad*, is the same as that of the books which have reached us translated from the Persian, Indian, and Greek, and which have been composed after the manner of that of *Hezar Efsan*, which is rendered in Arabic by *elf kharafa*, that is to say, the *Thousand Fables*; for the Arabic word *kharafa* answers to the Persian word *efsan*. This book is called the *Thousand and One Nights*; it is the history of a king, his vizier, the vizier's daughter, and her nurse: these two last are called *Schirzad* and *Dinarzad*. Such also are the stories of *Guilkand* and *Chimbas*, and all that which there relates to the histories of the Indian kings and their viziers, the book of *Sindbad*, and other writings in the same style."

Hence it appears that the opinion advanced by M. de Hammer is incontrovertible; that the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, so called, are, in fact, *Indian or Persian Nights' Entertainments*, and that *Sindbad* is an intruder. This latter circumstance is corroborated (if corroboration be necessary after Masoudi, who must have known more of these matters than we can pretend to) by Dr. Jonathan Scott, in his preface to his Translation of these tales:—

"In an unbound and unnumbered MS. in the Christ Church Library at Oxford," says he, "the editor saw and read the History of *Sindbad*, from which M. Galland's translation varies in no material point; but this MS. has a prefatory invocation as if a work of itself, and is not mentioned as belonging to the *Nights*, though, probably, it was inserted in M. Galland's copy. It contains also three short anecdotes, besides the story of *Sindbad*." Here then we find Dr. Scott in our own days, from actual observation, verifying the assertion of Masoudi, though, probably, ignorant of its ever having been made. Again, in the same author's preface, we read, that "the editor entertained for some time in Bengal, a storyteller in his service: the heroes of his stories were chiefly rajahs, sultans, and other personages of Hindoostan: nor do I recollect," says he, "that he ever delivered a tale as from the *Arabian Nights*, though the incidents of some bore a similarity; but it is very probable that the *Thousand and One Nights* were known to the nukkals or story-tellers of Dhely and the provincial capitals during the prosperity of the Mogul empire, as fragments of them have been found at Moorahudabad, the metropolis of Bengal."

This then corroborates the first portion of the passage of Masoudi; for though the nukkul did not "forge his tales for kings," yet he did it "to ingratiate himself in the good opinion" of his master, with an eye, by the way, to his own preferment: next, he never related any story as from the *Arabian Nights*, because, in all probability, he was ignorant they existed in that language: had he repeated any one of them, he would have given it as "Indian or Persian." Thirdly, "fragments of them have been found at Moorahudabad:" may not these very fragments have been fragments of the original tales in their native language, that is, supposing "the fragments" to have been written in Persian or Hindoostanee, to the contrary of which there is nothing asserted?

Having now given the substance of M. von Hammer's paper, to which I refer the reader for the Persian text, I shall conclude, reminding him that the *Thousand Fables* are avowedly

related to a Persian prince, by his own wife, according to the Introductory Chapter. This is of very minor consideration, or of none at all after the sterling evidence before adduced, and at best but very vague and insignificant.

London, August 31, 1827.

BOUDDHA.

FINE ARTS. ARCHITECTURE.

Club-Houses in St. James's Street.

We had lately an opportunity of inspecting the new Club-Houses in St. James's Street, namely, Crookford's and Arthur's, both of which are in a state of considerable forwardness.

The exterior of Crookford's is an imposing structure; and if the details be not all we could wish, the general effect is broad and simple. The substituting a massive balustrade parapet to the area wall, for the usual iron palisades, must be regarded as a great improvement in street architecture. It is, however, but just to say, that Mr. Soane set the example at Whitehall. Much as we approve of the *tout ensemble*, we cannot help thinking, that as the building is surmounted by a balustrade, the interstices of the parapet at the base would have formed a variety if filled with boldly wrought iron-work; and that any thing would have been better than the apertures which disfigure the ground story—such windows have not even the plea of "ancient usage" to sanction their introduction. With these exceptions, we consider the front to be of a superior order.

The interior is said to be the production of two architects—the brothers Benjamin and Philip Wyatt—we could almost venture, in passing through the rooms, to apportion to each his due meed of praise or reprehension.

The entrance hall—at the end of which stands a staircase of ordinary dimensions, but of very extraordinary parts—is cased with black and white Scagliola. Turning to the right, you enter the Coffee-room, finished in a common-place manner. Opposite to this room, and on the south side of the hall, is the Library, fitted up in a very classical style, with Sienna columns and ante of the Ionic order, taken from the temple of Minerva Polias: this room has two fire-places with black and gold marble chimney-pieces, and occupies two fifths of the whole length of the building. Here we should say a pure taste had been exercised throughout, but for the circular flowers in the ceiling—placed there, we suppose, to receive chandeliers—which seem to have strayed from Baker Street, or some other street in Marylebone. Behind the Library is the Dining-room, a common sort of apartment, corresponding with the Coffee-room.

We now come to the principal stairs, winding round three sides of the area—the walls panelled with Scagliola of various colours and tints. The mouldings forming the panels are, to our uninitiated eye, infinitely too large, and produce an appearance of clumsiness ill-agreeing with the exuberantly decorated ceiling and lantern-light. The landing is sustained by Corinthian columns, over which—on a balustrade with Scagliola pedestals and balusters, and a marble capping, or hand-rail—is placed another tier of Corinthian columns, supporting a grotesque cornice, elaborately enriched and gilt. Above this cornice is the elliptical, coved lantern-light, glazed with painted glass of very miserable execution. The railing on the steps is formed of brass foliage of exquisite design and workmanship. These splendid stairs conduct you to the Drawing-room, or evening

suite, consisting of four chambers; the first, an Ante-room (over the Coffee-room), opening to a saloon, embellished to a degree almost beyond description; thence, to a small, curiously formed Cabinet, or Boudoir,* which opens again to the Super-room (over the Dining-room). All these rooms are panelled in the fanciful, gorgeous, and frequently absurd styles which prevailed in France during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

The ceilings are divided into so many oddly fashioned panels and sinkings, and so richly gilt, that it is next to impossible to convey by writing an idea of their forms or magnificence. In splendour and variety, the walls are not inferior to the ceilings; the whole surface being resolved into curiously shaped panels, to be filled either with looking-glass, silk, or gold enrichments. A Billiard-room, on the upper floor, we believe, completes the number of apartments within this singular building.

Looking at the character and variety of the ornaments, we should come to the conclusion, that every one of the French palaces had been resorted to for the decorations displayed in this house. On the whole, we think it a work of considerable merit, and certainly a great novelty in London. How far such meretricious embellishments will suit the English taste, is not for us to determine: and after all, though it comes to be considered under our scientific head, of Architecture, as one of the Improvements of London, its use is too notorious to merit any strict remarks as a creditable work of art, especially in the interior arrangements.

With regard to Arthur's, we should say, that for the purposes of a Club-House, there is, in all probability, sufficient accommodation; but that the architecture is not of an order to bring it within the pale of criticism.

YORK HOUSE.

THE house in the Green Park built for the late lamented Duke of York is yet without an owner. The Marquess of Stafford had, as we sometime since stated, agreed to purchase it from Government—(the sellers believing themselves to be only mortgagees)—at a stipulated sum; but on reference to their legal advisers, it appeared (says report) that their liability, under certain engagements with His late Royal Highness, was to a greater extent. They therefore found it necessary to explain to the noble Marquess that they had mistaken their position; but that they were willing to open a negotiation with his lordship on a new basis; namely, that of the purchase money covering the full amount of the claims on the property. To this Lord Stafford is said not to have objected, provided the sum did not far exceed the price originally demanded, which, we believe, was 70,000*l*. If we are not misinformed, between fifty and sixty thousand pounds were advanced (on mortgage) by Government for the building—the remainder must, consequently, be due to tradesmen and other private individuals. A valuation is now being made; and thus the matter stands at present.

EARLY PAINTING BY HOGARTH.—Every circumstance connected with the name and productions of this illustrious artist carries with it an interest, and excites inquiry. The painting which attracts this our notice was found, among other neglected works of art, in the stores of Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, and

* The five windows in front on this floor are thus appropriated:—one to the Ante-room, three to the Saloon, and one to the Cabinet, or Boudoir.

purchased at their sale by Mr. Tiffin, the print-seller. To it was attached a memorandum by the late Alderman Boydell, saying that it was an unfinished picture by Hogarth, not given along with his engraved publications.

The subject appears to be the Meeting of some Society for the advancement of art; the different members of which are represented seated or standing round a table, inspecting drawings or other objects of *virtu*. On a tablet in the room are names, with numbers of reference over the heads of the individuals introduced; of whom we can make out the following:—Hamilton, Dahl, Laroon, Gibson or Gibson, Rybrack, Vanderbank, Bridgman, and Kent; names of very early date in the English school of painting.

It would be desirable to ascertain the occasion for which this painting was produced, as it seems to be anterior to any known establishment of a Society of Arts in this country. It appears, from the style, to have been done about the time that Hogarth painted his picture of the Family at Wanstead House, and is, at all events, an interesting and curious specimen of our celebrated countryman's early practice. We understand a free etching is intended to be executed from it, which will doubtless claim the attention of the collector and amateur.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DIVOUAC IN MODERN GREECE.

By MRS. GODWIN, late Miss Cornwell, Author of "The Night before the Bride's," "Sappho," &c.

O'er the blue depths of Grecian seas
The last breath of the evening breeze
Hath hymn'd its farewell in a sigh
Full of *Æolia* melody.
Dark fall the shades on Argos' plain,
Dark o'er Morea's mountain chain;
Save that their summits, flush'd and red,
Shew where the soul of Day hath fled.
And lingering, like a lover's kiss,
On Corinth's high Acropolis
The sun hath left one golden ray,
Gleaming amid surrounding gray.
Lo, wheeling through empyrean air,
Far, far above the sunset glare,
Cleaving the sky with dauntless wing,
The mountain eyrie's tyrant king,
An Eagle seeks, through deepening gloom,
His lone haunts near a royal tomb;
For you ravine's romantic steep,
The dust of Agamemnon keeps!

Hark to the shout! the wild halloo!
Why ring the mountain echoes so?
And why upon the twilight air
Flames the pine-faggot's ruddy glare?
By yonder lone and limpid brook,
That to the stars in light doth look,
A group of arm'd and patriot men
Have sought the fastness of the glen;
There, shelter'd from assault of foes,
To snatch earth's heavenliest boon— repose.
Soon is the couch of slumber spread,
Where turf forms banquet-board and bed;
And the red embers burning bright,
Deluge the sylvan hall with light.
Wo to the wild herd browsing near
That fountain bubbling cool and clear;
Vain is the fleecy mother's cry,
Her yearning lamb is doom'd to die;
Keen hunger knows no pitying mood,
The green sward drinks the victim's blood,
And but his bones, at random cast,
Tell of the soldier's rude repast.
Strange and grotesque the warrior troop
That round the fire tumultuous group,
Owning but one connecting bond
To which their rugged hearts respond;

Leagued for one great momentous end—
The cause of Freedom to defend.
Yet lurks there in that mod'rate throng
The baneful elements of wrong.
Blending with virtue base alloy,
Fell rapine's desolating joy,
And yon fierce Klephte of the hill—
Whose trade hath been to spoil and kill,
Whose swarthy brow, bent o'er the flame,
Shows the stern mood that none may tame,
Will be, whate'er the deed or name.

A plunderer and assassin still.
Around the crackling fire they dance
In martial maze, retreat, advance;
Each chanting forth his warlike stave,
Loud as ver'd ocean's rolling wave;
Till the wild chorus of their songs
Echo's affrighted voice prolongs.

Upon the fountain's pebbly brink—
Where the sad cypress forms a link
Of unity with love's own flower,
Emblem of life's inconstant hour,
Apart from that discordant scene,
Reposes one whose lofty mien—
Instinct with power and high command—
Proclaims him chieftain of the band.
In whose proud front and flashing eye,
Pierce, generous, and kind,

The spirit of old chivalry
Sits gloriously enthroned;
Behold amid the cypress shade
In arms of modern Greece array'd,
So beautiful and proud:
Well might we deem a viewless hand
Had raised some hero of the land
From his time-hallowed shroud:
Whence comes he? doth his garb betray?

The country of his birth?
Treads he his father's ancient way,
Fights for his native earth?
The turban's full and graceful fold,
That wreaths his forehead high and bold;
The ataghan and pistols' brace
In the broad girdle round his waist;
Th' embroidered vest and rough capote,
A Grecian origin denote.

But in his accents rich and clear,
The language of a land remote,
The listener starts to hear.
On the romantic fields of Spain,
When heroes' blood was pour'd like rain,
His sword its earliest harvest reap'd
Of laurels in their crimson steep'd;
And toiling over for the sake

Of Freedom, his enthusiast soul
Is sworn oppression's chain to break,
Where'er the tide of war may roll,
Where'er the voice of Liberty
Calls on the brave to bleed and die.
Great are the perils, small the spoil,
That he hath shared on foreign soil;
The fortunes of a wanderer's life,
Tempests, and abstinence, and strife,
Strange destiny for one whose first
Soft years have been in splendour nursed,
Soothed on the couch of slumber sweet.

By his bright light mother's voice,
Whose smile, with light and love replete,
Had made a Paradise rejoice
Or like a cherub at her feet,
Radiant with childhood's simple joys,
He sported midst his costly toys,
Strange destiny! With ferocious men,
Rear'd in the mountain robber's den,
Who for the hauberk on his vest
Would plunge a dagger in his breast,
In fellowship he now is leagued,
Harassed in mind, in frame fatigued:
Yet, nerved with that unshrinking zeal
Which makes man's arm a fence of steel.

Amid the recollections great
Of that fallen land to which his fate
Hath link'd him, visions of his home
Of o'er his wakeful memory come—
Like moonlight on the troubled deep,
Bright'ning the waves that will not sleep.

BIOGRAPHY.

UGO FOSCOLO.

On Monday last died Ugo Foscolo, an Italian gentleman and scholar, who had resided for several years in London, and was well known to the whole circle of English literati. Foscolo was not only a distinguished classic, but a man of very considerable genius and general attainments. His memory was so remarkably tenacious that he seemed hardly to have forgotten any author whose works he had ever read. In his own language he was an elegant and fertile poet; and his style in prose was of the highest order, refined and nervous. His principal production, the translation of Dante, is finished, and in the hands of a publisher; and we also learn that he has left seven books of Homer translated. During his residence amongst us, Signor Foscolo wrote a great deal on miscellaneous subjects, and contributed essays, criticisms, &c. &c. to several of the most eminent periodical publications of the time. His manners were striking; and he always, in conversation and action, displayed a degree of vivacity and energy which, in our colder climate, and with our more phlegmatic temperament, seemed to border on restlessness and want of due command over his feelings or passions. In short, he might have been considered as nearly resembling the character of his countryman, Jacopo Ortis. He lived freely and thoughtlessly, and died, we fear, in but indifferent circumstances, though the kindness of friends soothed his latter hours of sickness, sorrow, and death. The dissector to which he fell a victim was dropsy. He underwent an operation some weeks before; but on the second occasion, his constitution was so enfeebled that nature refused to close the incision, and he died, in spite of every effort which medical skill could devise to prolong his existence.

In the *Literary Gazette* of preceding years will be found many notices of this accomplished scholar and of his works. His admirable *Essays on Petrarch* are spoken of at length in our Volumes for 1831 and 1833.

JOSEPH MANN, ESQ. was a very respectable bookseller and publisher died on the 13th, at the age of sixty-four; and we place his name in our obituary as the author of a *Tour in Scotland*, which he gave the world some years ago. It met with severe handling from a caustic reviewer; but exhibited the writer in an amiable light.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.—NO. I. [In presenting the readers of the *Literary Gazette* with a short series of papers (probably ten or a dozen) under this title, we believe we may confidently say that no part of them has ever appeared in an English dress; and that even for France, being selected and abridged from voluminous antiquarian records, these Sketches will possess the charm of almost entire novelty. Of their general character, our opinion is, that, avoiding the oft-repeated tales of Paris and its environs, and the thread-bare stories of saints' days, &c. &c. they will be found to give very entertaining descriptions of Marriage Ceremonies, Popular Usages, and Superstitions, which belong to provinces rarely visited by the traveller; and that their information is both curious and interesting.]

Marriage Ceremonies of that part of Brittany known by the name of Bas Leon.

When the father of a family has fixed his eye

upon a young girl whom he wishes to marry to his son, and the latter has declared his consent, they both seek out one of those go-betweens called in the language of the country *baguena*, or broomsack, because these men usually carry such a wand of office when they are engaged on their embassies. The go-between having received his instructions, sets out for the house of the young girl, whom he acquaints with the object of his visit; and if the proposal be agreeable to her parents, they prepare for the reception of the ambassador by heating some soup, in which they put a bit of salt pork and some eggs, and if they live near a small town, they send for a bottle of wine. If it should happen that there is no ready-dressed meat in the house, and they are too far from a village to borrow any of their neighbours, they put the frying-pan on the fire, and prepare some pancakes. This dish is extremely rare in the Bas Leon; it is considered a great delicacy, and reserved for the palates of the most fastidious. But when the match does not prove agreeable to the parents, they content themselves with offering the ambassador some meat fried with slices of bread (*de la bouillie frite*), which indicates to him the necessity of being very brief in detailing the objects of his mission.

If the go-between has been well received, soon as he has finished his splendid repast, he enters on business. After having praised the spotless descent of his employer, his fortune, his abilities, and his merit, he requests to know whether it is the parents' intention to send the girl at home after the wedding, or to send her to her husband. If they wish to keep her, he asks what part of the household she is to have, and at the same time the amount of her dowry in money. Furnished with this information, he returns to the father of the young man to give an account of his embassy. When the preliminary conditions are agreed upon, the father again sends the go-between to the family of the young girl, that she may fix the day on which they make *giveladen*, or the visit.

The bridegroom, accompanied by six or eight of his nearest relations, all on horseback, and in an undress, go to the house of the bride. Having taken some slight refreshment, the two families proceed through every part of the house together, the presses in all the rooms having been previously opened to show their stores of linen, &c. They next go into the stables for horses and cattle, and into the barns; they then visit the fields that have been sown with grain, not forgetting to cast a look at the dung-heaps.

Before parting, they agree together upon the day and place where they shall again meet to enter into the marriage contract, generally fixing upon some small inn in the next village or town. It is there that they determine on the marriage portion to be given with the young people, and also on that part of the menage granted to him or her, whoever remains under the paternal roof. This portion varies according to the fortune of the parents, and the number of marriageable children they have at their house; if they only marry one, it is the custom to give her the half, or the third of the farm; if two, each has a third; if the farm is considerable, and there are several children, sometimes more than two are married at the house, and then each has only a sixth part. To fix the value of this half, third, or sixth part, a proper person is agreed upon by the two families; and he makes an estimate of the movables and the cattle, and if there be any land sown with grain, of its contents,

if only just sprouting. The half, the third, or the sixth, of the total of this valuation forms the sum by means of which the young couple enter into the enjoyment of their part of the feast. But it may be asked, perhaps, how they will be able to pay a sum of money which is often very considerable? We must recollect that the parents on both sides have agreed to give to each of their children a marriage portion. These two sums united form the first payment: the remainder of the debt is liquidated by yearly instalments; there is never any charge for interest in these simple contracts. From the moment that the first payment is made, the young couple have their share of the product of every thing sold at the markets and fairs, in the proportion of one half, a third, &c. as may be agreed on between them; but they are equally obliged to furnish, in the same ratio, the necessary sums for the purchase of food, cattle, &c. There is no cash account or controller of finance. The person who has been to market, when he comes back, stands on the table the money he has received for the sale of his commodities; it is shared immediately, and all are contented and happy.

When the valuation of the property is completed, the bride and bridegroom, with the mother of the bride, go to a neighbouring town to buy the ring, or, as it is jocosely called, the *haïer*, *prems* or *chabest*. The ring is commonly surmounted with two hearts united together. At the same time, they purchase the bride's sash and other articles of dress for the wedding.

Eight days before the marriage, the two families go and ask their respective relations to come to the feast. This invitation extends to all the inhabitants of the houses, great and small, and the domestics both male and female. The relatives who are invited to the wedding think they would be wanting in respect to the bride and bridegroom, if they did not bring with them all the inmates of their houses, persuaded that they cannot do greater honour to the new-married couple, than by augmenting the number of their guests. Hence these meetings are generally composed of two or three hundred persons; and four or five hundred is not an extraordinary number. A hog'shead of wine is purchased for every hundred visitors. As they have no room large enough to hold so many people, several long tents are erected, the interior of which is commonly lined, at least the upper part of it, with the finest cloth they can find in the house. Above the place occupied by the new-married couple, are suspended crowns of flowers and nosegays; and the cloth is covered with rudely drawn figures of the saints. The tables are formed of ladders joined together and supported by pieces of wood; the steps of the ladders are covered with planks, and entire pieces of linen supply the place of table-cloths. Planks nailed to upright pieces of wood compose the seats on each side of the table.

On the morning of the appointed wedding-day the bride dresses herself very early, is ready to receive the bridegroom, who is to come to take her to church. The gentleman having arrived with a great part of his family sits at the door, which he finds closed. Two bards or improvisatori, one of whom is in the house with the parents of the young girl, and the other outside the door, now commence a half-serious and half-comic dialogue. Each of these bards carries a dark-coloured wand, decked with ribbons and an ivory apple. After having very formally saluted the spectators, the bard of the bridegroom commences his discourse by

demanding the young girl in marriage; while the other pretends not to understand him. The first repeats his demand, and launches out into praises of the bridegroom; the second follows his example, and raises the character of the lady above all comparison. The dispute grows warm, and the facility of extemporaneous effusions which these poets possess, often occasions the dialogue to be carried on for more than two hours. He who pleads for the gentleman urges the right he has acquired over the heart of his mistress by the attentions he has paid her ever since their acquaintance; the other bard finds fresh reasons to refuse. On one occasion, in a dialogue of this kind, one of the bards was reduced to a non-plus—but by a lively rally of wit, he recovered from the difficulty into which he was thrown, and closed the mouth of his adversary:—"If she is a virgin," says he, "give her up immediately; but if she is not, keep her where she is." "*Mar-deo gwerc'h, rōit-hi, ma né d-eo kêt, miriñ!*"

When they have disputed in this way for some time, the bard belonging to the bride asks his antagonist if he should know the object of which he is in search; and the latter assures him that he cannot be mistaken. The door is then opened, and an old woman offers herself; but the bard shakes his head, and says that the lady he wants is full of youth and beauty and grace. A little girl next appears, and he is asked if this is the object of which he is in pursuit; but he answers in the negative. At last comes the bride; and when he has complimented her in the name of her future husband, he takes from her hands the sash which was purchased at the same time with the ring, and ties it round her waist, to distinguish her from the other damsels who are present at the wedding. The dialogues of which we have been speaking, are composed of a strange mixture of Latin sentences, quotations from the Bible and fabulous works, and are altogether so incoherent, that it is difficult entirely to comprehend them; yet there is much variety and pleasantry in the discourses of these witty bards. When the contest is concluded, the two families, preceded by a bag-pipe, go in procession to the church.

The ceremonies used in the administrations of marriage, differ but little from those in other parts of France. One circumstance, however, is worthy of remark;—at the moment when the oblation is made, several cakes and bottles of wine are placed upon the altar, which the priest blesses at the same time with the wedding ring. When the man puts the ring on the finger of the woman, she closes her hand that it may not pass over the second joint of the finger, believing that, by this method, she will always preserve the ascendancy over her husband.

The company now return, to the sound of the bag-pipe, and sit down to table as they arrive. This first repast is only a breakfast, and consists of tripe, calves' feet and pluck, &c.; but there is plenty of wine. As all the guests do not arrive at the same time, the breakfast lasts about two hours. Afterwards, the whole company go into the tent and sit down to dinner. The new-married couple place themselves at one of the ends, with the bride's-maid and the bridegroom's attendant (*le garçon d'honneur*): in this part of the tent, also, the most distinguished guests are seated. At first, nothing but soup is served, from one end of the table to the other; and as it is only of the breadth of a ladder, the dishes are placed in single file. There is never more than one sort of dish at a time. After the soup comes the *bouillon* or

meat of which the soup is made—which is replaced by salt pork, and for a kind of dough put into a bag and boiled in the soup;—then come beef, mutton, and veal, all cooked in the oven; afterwards, there are baked cakes made of wheat and rice, with raisins in them;—then plum and grape tarts, and cracknels (*croûtes*) for the desert.

When the dinner is finished, one of the heads of the family rises and returns thanks; he prays to Heaven for the prosperity of the new-married couple, and does not forget to allude to the relatives who have died within the year. As soon as he has sat down, they begin to sing Latin hymns, and afterwards hymns in the Breton language: the concert terminates with songs of a jovial and amorous character.

The young people drop off one by one, leaving the tent in search of the dancing-room; for there are always dances, either to the sound of the bag-pipe or the voice. Sometimes they dance in a ring, the man holding out the little finger and the woman the second finger; at other times, they separate and dance in pairs, one leaping and jumping opposite to the other. The new-married couple, instead of joining the dance, when they quit the table, place themselves on either side of the entrance-door of the house; the husband, holding a bottle of wine in one hand and a silver cup in the other, presents the wine, blessed by the priest, to those who live at too great a distance to stay supper, and who are anxious to go home, after the festivities of the day. The lady, on her part, offers some of the cake which has been sanctified by the priest.

When only those persons remain who mean to take supper, the new-married couple go and join the dancers; but on this day they must always dance together.

The hour of supper being announced, all the guests place themselves at table, with the exception of the new-married couple, who, after having been waited upon, in the course of the day, by their nearest relatives, now serve them in return, without sitting down for an instant. When supper is finished, the husband and wife, each with a glass in their hand, make the tour of the company, and drink with all the guests. Having finished this ceremony, they retire to prepare themselves for repose.

During this interval, all the visitors crowd to the chamber where the new-married couple are to sleep: the latter, entirely clad in white, are now in the next room, and are kneeling at the feet of their respective parents, in the act of asking a blessing from them. This act of piety and submission accomplished, the bride, "like Niobe, all tears," preceded by her maid, who holds a candle in her hand, enters the chamber where all the guests are assembled: she then goes up to each of them, and gives them a chaste salute. At the same time, every one aspires a wish. One wishes her plenty of children; another much happiness; this one peace, the other health; some long life, &c. Having assured herself that she has not forgotten any one, the bride gives her hand to the bride's-maid, who assists her to mount upon a chest placed before the nuptial bed, into which she gets in the presence of the whole company.

The bridegroom, preceded by his attendant, who also holds a candle in his hand, makes the tour of the chamber, passes every one, and receives their wishes; but he does not weep, like his bride. When he has taken his place by the side of the lady, his attendant tucks up the bed-clothes, and, with the bride's-maid, sits on the chest at the foot of the bed till the can-

die is so far consumed as to be near burning their fingers, for they use no candlestick on this occasion. The *Veni Creator* is now chanted by some of the attendants, and all the company join chorus, rendered not a little discordant by the fumes of the wine they have taken. To this hymn succeed various songs, the singing of which is kept up till the morning.

The new-married couple, as might be expected, are not able to sleep much amid all this racket;—and, as if this were not enough to prevent their sweet slumbers, the company are continually teasing and irritating them. The bridegroom's attendant and the bride's-maid do their best to fence off these intruders, but as they have only one hand at liberty, they cannot effect much.

At break of day, they present the new-married couple with a mess of milk-porridge, the pieces of bread in which are attached together by a thread, and each of them has a bone instead of a spoon to lap it up with; and they are obliged to eat this porridge to the last morsel. As by this time the candles held by the attendants of the bride and bridegroom are extinguished, and as they have no longer any right to defend their master and mistress, the unfortunate couple are plagued and teased by the company *sans merci*, and are compelled to rise from bed in their own defence. They are, in fact, never left alone till the fourth night, and it is generally the custom for the bride to sleep with her sister or some female friend on the second and third nights of her marriage. The day after the wedding, the pair put on deep mourning, and sing a solemn service for their deceased relatives.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The newspapers already announce that Mr. Groom, Mr. Bernasconi, and the assignees of Mr. Chambers, are to be the managers of the Italian Opera next season. They threaten considerable changes both in the internal and external relations of the concern.

The new piece at the Haymarket fulfils the most flattering auguries entertained of its success: it is admirably played—brings burners.

At the English Opera House the *Freebooters* and *Serjeant's Wife* continue a most prosperous career; and Mathews, between, makes no gap in the dramatic circle of delightful amusement.

VARIETIES.

Roman Medal.—A bronze coin has been found in the Valley of Bones, situated to the south-west of the Missouri, in the interior of the country, where the inhabitants say no European has ever been. On examination, it proves to be a Roman medal, struck in the reign of Nerva. In digging a well at Tennessee, a great number of pieces of gold were found buried in a pitcher; but what they were, the editors of the Gazette of that state did not know.—*American Newspapers.*

Entomology.—Six new species of diurnal lepidopterous insects have been discovered in Sardinia. There is nothing remarkably splendid in their colours.

New Comet.—A very small comet was observed for the first time on the 31 of August, by M. Pons, the Director of the Observatory at Florence. It was then in the constellation

of the Lynx, and was descending towards the north-west.

Albert Durer.—The King of Bavaria has granted 3000 florins for the erection at Nuremberg of a monument to Albert Durer. It will be commenced in the spring.

Antiquities.—The King of Bavaria, whose love of the sciences and fine arts is exemplary, has published an ordinance, by which he commands the Minister for the Home Department to give directions for the careful preservation of all the pictures, statues, and other monuments of antiquity, which are scattered in the various towns and cities of the Bavarian dominions.

Museum of Charles X.—The moment approaches at which the impatience of the Parisians to enjoy the new museum which has been preparing for them by the munificence of the king and the enlightened zeal of the Viscount de la Rochefoucauld, will be gratified. On the day of the *Fête du Roi* the Museum of Charles X. is to be opened. It consists, first, of the valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities purchased in Italy, of which M. Champollion, jun. is the keeper; secondly, of the magnificent collection bought from M. Durand, especially rich in ancient Greek and Roman monuments, and in monuments of the arts in the middle ages;—this collection is under the particular direction of the Count de Clarac. The Museum of Charles X. will occupy the suite of halls of that façade of the Louvre which looks to the river: they have been highly decorated for the purpose.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The memorable quarrels of Drs. Roche and Frank in Goldsmith's Essays have found originals in Drs. Frappart and Audin-Rouvière, or Drs. Leech and Anti-leech. Audin-Anti-leech accused Frappart Leech of employing 1800 leeches in one case, 800 in another, and 200 to a sore finger. Dr. Leech brought his action for defamation, and gained his cause; Anti-leech being fined, with costs. Dr. Leech intended to plead his own cause, but did not. Yet, that the morsel of eloquence should not be lost, he printed it in two journals. Dr. Anti-leech had already appealed against his sentence, and now finding that Leech had libelled him, in his turn became plaintiff; and Leech and the two papers were all fined. Now Leech appealed, and the ridiculous cause came on before the royal court on the 21st August, which soon despatched both Leech and Anti-leech, by confirming the sentences of the first judges.—*Paris Letter.*

Hydrophobia.—In the 30th volume of the Proceedings of the Royal Academy of Turin, there is a very interesting memoir, by M. Rossi, one of the members of the Academy, on hydrophobia and the consequent madness. The memoir is divided into two parts; in the first the author treats of spontaneous hydrophobia, without any bite from a rabid animal; the other contains a number of facts respecting canine madness. In the first part, M. Rossi speaks of seven cases of spontaneous hydrophobia, which, with a single exception, all proved mortal. In the second part, some remarkable circumstances are related, from which we select the following—showing the almost inconceivable feeling by which animals are rendered aware of their danger when they are in the presence of any individual animal, of whatever kind, and however feeble, that is affected.—A large yard-dog, freely ranging, suddenly perceived a lap-dog, and was seized with a trembling in all his limbs. This formidable enemy approaching, the yard-dog allowed himself to

be bitten, and died mad. It being thus known that the little dog was mad, he was pursued and killed; and the inspection of his carcass completely established the fact. An analogous occurrence may also serve as a warning to those imprudent persons who leave animals shut up in their houses during their absence for a shorter or a longer time. A cat which had been confined in this manner, after four days of captivity and privation of food and drink, became mad. M. Rossi introduced two dogs into the chamber in which was the cat. Although very strong, they exhibited the same symptoms of alarm that the yard-dog had done, and were bitten by the cat without making any resistance whatever. The consequence of course was, that they became mad also.—M. Rossi seems to consider the actual cautery as the only application, to the wound resulting from the bite of a mad dog, from which any beneficial consequences can be expected; and he recommends that the burning should not be merely superficial.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new General Atlas of fifty-one Maps, engraved by Sidney Hall, is announced. The many discoveries of recent travellers, and the great changes of territorial boundaries in many parts of the globe, seem to recommend such a work as a desideratum.

Dr. Nuttall announces an Edition of *Homer*, with an Ordo and Verbal Translation interlinearly arranged.

Persian Manuscripts.—The royal library at Turin is very rich in Persian manuscripts, the examination of which would no doubt well reward the labour of any one competent to the task. An account has lately been published of eighteen of these manuscripts; but the details are not sufficiently minute to convey any satisfactory notion of their contents.

French Romance.—M. Stendhal, celebrated for so many works of originality and talent, is about to publish a new Romance, entitled *Amance, or Various Scenes in a Parisian Saloon in 1827*.

The Editor of the *Aurora*, an Italian Journal published in London, but lately discontinued (in consequence, as is stated, of people going out of town) has issued a prospect of a Club to be called the *Accademia Ausonia*, the chief objects of which are to be the cultivation of the fine language and literature of Italy.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Marshall's Naval Biography Supplement, Part I. 8vo. 15s. 6d.—Trevelyan's Influence of Apathy. 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Hugh's Introduction to the New Testament. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Life of Linnaeus. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Maxwell's Scripture History. 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Poetic Gleanings. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Barton's Geography of Plants. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Anecdotes of Africans. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Classical Instruction, Latin Grammar. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.; Anacron. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 6	From 44. to 64.	30.16
Friday .. 7	41. to 65.	30.16 to 30.17
Saturday .. 8	32. to 64.	30.15 to 30.17
Sunday .. 9	33. to 65.	30.16 to 30.17
Monday .. 10	33. to 65.	30.16 to 30.17
Tuesday .. 11	35. to 70.	30.17 to 30.19
Wednesday 12	34. to 68.	30.16 to 30.17

Prevailing wind N. and S.W.
From the 6th and 11th, generally cloudy, with heavy showers of rain—a shower of hail on the 19th.

Rain fallen .48 of an inch.

Edinboro.

Latitude . . . 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T.'s fight with the fly for a kin on the lips of his beloved must remain unpublished by us.

A letter signed "J. E. Alexander, Lieut. M.L. Coll. Sandhurst," assures us that the Travels of H.M. Moore are genuine, and have appeared in the Hindostanee. We repeat Lieut. Alexander states, we are entirely convinced of the fact; and, on making this avowal, we are anxious to relieve him from a feeling that our notice of the volume, while supposing it to be a fiction, implied the slightest imputation upon his veracity as a writer or honour as a gentleman. On the contrary, the brightest names in our literature (and in the literature of the world) have resorted to similar inventions to give effect to purposes the most legitimate and excellent; and so far from censuring Lieut. A. the less if he had followed so many high examples, we should perhaps have had reason to applaud him more. His preceding account of Ava received our commendations; and we consider his course as a young and aspiring author to be very creditable to himself and his profession.

We will look into the affair of the Hymn.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

These Lectures will commence early in October.
For further particulars apply to Dr. Armstrong, 42, Russell
Square; or to Mr. Highly, Medical Bookseller, 174, Fleet Street,
and Webb Street, Maze Pond, Borough, who is authorized to
take Orders.

Resolved,
I. That it is a point of the first importance to every human

III. That first, in regard to the existence of the principle of evil, the above illustrious author teaches, that to all who acknowledge the authority of divine revelation, this existence is undoubted unquestionable by what is recorded concerning the limitation of the two trees in Paradise, the one of life, the other

IV. That secondly, in regard to the origin of freewill, it is an alienating doctrine continually insisted on by the same author, that man, during his abode in the present world, stands in the middle between two opposite kingdoms, the kingdom of good, and

That hence, the third place, are made manifest the incomprehensible and supereminent excellence of the gift bestowed upon man in the possession of the freedom of will. For in this gift man is made free to choose between good and evil, and to give to every individual of the human race, at the same time and in every capacity, with which every such individual is vested, of making a child of his heavenly Father, by separating himself from the world, the flesh, and the devil, and associating himself with the Father, by the love and the truth, and the Holy Spirit, and the heavenly Host in the love and the truth, and the Holy Spirit, and wine, and Eucharist. Without this gift, therefore, man would not be a man, but a mere machine, consequently, destitute alike of the power of happiness, whereas, by virtue of this gift, he becomes a right son of the Father, and a true child of the Father, and with the faculty, like an angel, of loving God above all things, and his neighbor as himself, and thus of inheriting eternal life.

Price 1s.
THE THEORY of PLANE ANGLES.

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Spain—II. On the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition—
Works of Hoffman—III. Dumas's History of the Campaigns from

"The first number of a periodical work, exclusively devoted to the literature of other countries, has just been published, under the title of the Foreign Quarterly Review. The object of this undertaking appears to us to be one of no inconsiderable utility. There issue from the presses of the Continent many important works, of which only a very vague and imperfect account is ob-

"This work promises to fill up a blank which with all their [the *Quarterly Review's*] might have attempted in vain to occupy. Great as may have been the public expectation, [and the announcement of the work creates no slight attention] the *Quarterly Review's* disparagement is moderate. There is in every page evidence of vast resources, and masterly attainments. We recognize, if we mistake not, the descriptive beauties and masterly hand of a Scott—the high attainments and elegant diction of a Southey—and the splendid talents of the best contributors to some of our most popular periodicals."—*News*

"As far as considerable elegance of writing, striking powers of thought, copious learning, and versatility of talent, can make a review popular, this possesses every claim on public attention. On the whole, we are delighted with this opening number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review'; and if talent, chastised by judgment, be a test of success, we do not hesitate to predict its popularity."

"In continuation of what we said lately regarding the "New Quarterly Review of Foreign Literature," we are happy to inform our readers, that, having sent and received copies of the first number, we are about to speak more confidently in approval of the work. This number promises well; and, by active exertion on the part of the editors, we have little hesitation in saying, that it will not only supply a great deficiency in our literature, but also become eminently popular. In several of the papers here presented to us, we think we can unequivocally recognize the style of the writers; and, as they are all men of letters, to whom we have before alluded as being engaged in supporting the undertaking."—*Literary Gazette.*

"The first number, now before us, of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' affords a favourable specimen of the talents of the conductors. It is handsomely got up, so far as regards paper and type, and contains eleven articles, which are in generally written with interest. The short Literary Notices at the end, selected from the continental journals, are extremely useful, and should, in our opinion, be much enlarged in future numbers."

"The principle upon which this journal rests on is no excellent, and the work itself is so well calculated to supply a great desideratum, that our perfect satisfaction, and the warmest approbation it deserves, occur to us as encouraging and exhilarating, and convinced that, with ordinary diligence and activity, the project must be crowned with success. Let the readers only of the *Journal* be assured, that the *Journal* is not confined to Sweden, Russia, &c. each possess a national literature; that France, since has been more or less cultivated, and in some, as in Italy, with more success than among ourselves; that French literature is not only more cultivated, but more improved, as well as in other countries; that Germany annually sends forth thousands of volumes in all the departments of human knowledge; that the *Journal* is not confined to France, but to all nations; that the genius of Italy, cramped as it is by the baleful influence of despotism, is hardly less prolific than that of Germany; that Spain and Portugal, send forth their political literary and scientific productions, and that the *Journal* is not confined to those notoriety; and that even the finest and four rate kingdoms and states contribute their share to the great mass of human knowledge, and that the *Journal* is not confined to France, but to all nations, comparing them with the odious and trivial notices which we have formerly had of foreign publications, and be well no longer entertain a doubt, that this *Journal* like that before us, directed to supply one of the most obvious, and at the same time, remarkable, desiderata in the periodical literature of the day. To the Editor of the *Journal*, we are indebted for the assistance, and we feel a double gratification in being able to bestow our honest and hearty commendation on the first number. Though got up under all the difficulties and disadvantages which we have mentioned, the *Journal* is not only a valuable work upon the whole to what subsequent numbers will undoubtedly prove it, is, nevertheless, a highly creditable production in every respect, and we are not only gratified by the success which it has met with, but we are also gratified by the success which it has met with, and we are not only gratified by the success which it has met with, but we are also gratified by the success which it has met with. Several of the articles, indeed, are from the pens of some of our most celebrated writers, and not unworthy of the place which

We have been somewhat dilatory in making this publication, and we are sensible that it has cost us more than to do it justice, now that we have taken up the pen. Among the numerous strictures that have appeared in the columns of our contemporaries, some have been directed against the object of the work, or inclined to undervalue the very extended labours which have been put in requisition to establish it. Though we are not disposed to quarrel with such criticisms as are purely literary as well as political subjects, we are glad that in this instance our judgment accords pretty nearly with that of our brethren; and that the work, notwithstanding its length, and its extensive establishment on a popular basis, and supported by writers of acknowledged eminence, cannot fail to prove of immense utility. We are confident that it will be read with interest, and obtain that hold of the public opinion which is so obviously deserved; and if the second Number does not exceed the promise of the first, we shall have no reason to regret the delay of its friends to nullify its appearance.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

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Another portion of this *Journal* will be devoted to the Biographical Notices of the deceased, and to the Reviews of such Publications as may be considered to have relation to the general design of the work; including Voyages and Travels, Books connected with Antiquities, &c. A full Quarterly Abstract will also be given of all that relate to the General Progress of the Arts and Sciences in this and other Countries. The Transactions of the learned Societies, and of the principal Institutions, will thus form a department, in which an opportunity will, doubtless, be offered of furnishing such that is new and interesting. The Transactions of the Members of the Royal Institution especially, will form a prominent article, and from their varied nature, may be expected to confer a useful and distinctive character upon the Quarterly.

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